

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Most miseries lie in anticipation.—*Balzac.*

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want.

Harbor not the viper of malice in your heart.

Sorrows, like babies, grow bigger by nursing.

Don't expect too much from your fellow man.

Where there is no combat there is no victory.

Without love there is no knowledge.—*Carlyle.*

The noblest motive is the public good. —*Virgil.*

Industry is fortune's right hand, and frugality her left.

Strive to *be*, not to *seem*; one is truth, the other dream.

Every ultimate fact is only the first of a new series.—*Emerson.*

They are happy whose natures sort with their vocations.—*Lord Bacon.*

A man must stand erect, not to be kept erect by others.—*M. Aurelius.*

You will never find time for anything; if you want time you must make it.

Few men are so clever as to know all the mischief they do.—*Rochefoucauld.*

Temptations are a file which rub off much of the rust of self-confidence.

In months of sun so live that months of rain shall still be happy.—*Whittier.*

Anger banishes reflection, but its consequences recall it.—*Lady Blessington.*

The edge of the sword is less penetrating than gentleness.—*Hindu* (*Albitus.*)

The feeling of distrust is always the last which a great mind acquires.—*Racine.*

There will always be romance in the world as long as there are young hearts in it.—*Bovee.*

The great secret of happiness is to throw one's self into the circumstances that surround one.—*Hare.*

Everybody should care for his neighbor's opinion, whether he care for his neighbor or not.—*Exchange.*

'Tis sweet to stammer one letter of the Eternal's language; on earth it is called Forgiveness!—*Longfellow.*

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive into the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

Let no one think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, "It will not come near me." Even by the falling of water drops a water-pot is filled; and the fool becomes full of evil, even if he gathers it little by little.—*Buddha.*

The Great Delusion.

[CONTINUED]

Editor of Golden Gate:

In looking over something like three thousand or more messages from the spirit realm of human existence, it is a noteworthy fact that but two or three of that number report upon the real personal existence of the so-called Jesus of Nazareth. The statement of these three do not say they have seen or met him, but speak affirmatively in so vague and indefinite manner as to leave the fact in the largest field of uncertainty. While the balance on the other hand make averments strong and to the point essential that there is no mistaking their purport. Thousands say they have not seen Jesus, the son of Mary, nor have they seen any one who has, though denizens of spirit life for thousands of years. Let the witnesses affirm:

JOHANES JACOB GRIESBACK.

"There are five ancient testaments. First, the Braminical testament of Christos tc his deciple Arjoun, the gospel of John of after times; second, the Zend Avesta of the Parses devoted to sun worship, but intermixed with the sacred writings of Christos; third, the testament of King Ardelos Babeker, a verson of the writings of Gautama Buddha, made at the counsel of Asoka; fourth, the testament of Apollonius of Tyana, the Greek versions of the latter with explanations issued at Antioch, A. D. 56; and fifth, the testament of Jesus Christ, originated by Eusebius of Cessarea. · · · When in the mortal form I knew of two Greek testaments, one before the time of Eusebius Pamphilus and one after that time. The Greek testament betore that time speaks only of Apollonius as the great savior of mankind, and the great incarnation of Deity, known by various titles such as the "Reedeemer of Men," the "Sun of Truth," "The Light of the World," and "God Expressed in the Flesh." The title "Above All," was applied to Apollonius. That Greek testament was submitted to me in the manuscript which was forwarded from England to me at Jena. I translated it but not correctly; I made it to conform to what we believed. Seventeen pages had been torn out of it, which were replaced by interpolated matter. It was also altered in the time of Cyril. · · · Even in the time of Constantine the Great, it was necessary to bring a terrible pressure to bear upon the pagans in order to supplant Apollonius by Jesus. I was a Roman Abbot and lived about the eighth and ninth centuries, and Librarian of the Vatican. I know that the meetings or counsels of the various bishops had for their object the suppression of all books that were in any way damaging to the Christian religion. · · · Two books similar to those attributed to Matthew and John, were taken bodily from a Greek author commenting on or writing about Prometheus and the teachings of the followers of that God after his supposed death. This book was well known and extensively read at Alexandria. Each pope who came after my time did what he could to interpolate and destroy such ancient works. There is no evidence, there was none, in my day, not a scrap of authentic writing to show that such a man as God or Jesus Christ ever existed, but there was this kind of evidence, and plenty of it, to show that the real Jesus of Nazareth was Apollonius of Tyana, the Cappadocian savior. · · · All the portraits, pictures or statues of Jesus, are but copies of bas-relievos of Apollonius.

BISHOP ULPHILAS

Reports and says: "I am here. You may succeed for many years in keeping back the truth, but a time comes when that which is hidden must be revealed. I was a bishop of the fourth century, I was a writer and I translated a set of gospels and epistles from the Samaritan tongue. They are now at a place called Upsal, and they are called the Codex Argentius. It was written on what are called silver tablets. The fact is that I copied the gospels and epistles of Apollonius of Tyana, not originally written by himself, but brought by him from Singapoor, India, in Asia; that is, he wrote versions from the originals himself. I altered the teaching of Apollonius. I used the names that the Christians wished to have at the head of their different books. I was well paid for doing this, and managed to gain great popularity and preferment by it on the mortal plane, but my condition as a spirit has been one of torture; and know this, there is an influence amongst progressed spirits that forces all evil doers back here to confess their sins and show just when they lied and where they told the truth."

CARDINAL STEFANO BORGIA.

· · · · "The atonement of the Roman Church is approaching, and its power will go down in a night of blood. As I can see this with a spirit's eye, I feel it my duty to say, that all the persons or characters spoken of in the New Testament never had an existence, and this is well understood by us priests. I was the leader or at the head of the Catholic Church at Rome, at the time of the entrance of the French into that city. The first thing that was done was to hide the works of the Latin Fathers. Why? Because Christianity can not stand the blazing light of the originals when placed in the hands of scholars and free thinkers. A child could almost see how the epistles have been interpolated and changed to suit the views of these writers."

GREGORY, BISHOP OF CONSTANTINOPLE,

Says: "I feel old in coming back here. I come not of my own will. I am forced here to tell in this communication what I know about Christian interpolation, Christian robbery, and Christian lying. I lived for the sake of popularity. I deceived because it gave me power. I professed a morality that I never possessed. In fact I was a materialist at bottom. I had no hope or idea of an existence beyond the tomb, and I thought the best thing I could do was to secure physical comfort here. I tampered with the books that have been described here to-day. I substituted names in them that were not in the originals, and from these books which taught only pure morality, I helped all I could to destroy the idea of a man performing any good work of himself, and to induce people to rely solely on the atonement of their sins on Jesus. I also destroyed many valuable books for fear some one would discover my fraudulent conduct. It is known by every Christian priest to-day who knows aught of history, that Apollonius was the original Jesus.

"One of the most consummate villians that ever lived, and one who has done more to retard the truth regarding this Christ than any other, was Eusebius, for he spent his whole life in interpolating and destroying everything that was against Christianity. And the first pope was also guilty of a similar destruction of those books."

PULCHERIA (EMPRESS OF THE EAST).

"The Christian religion of my day, as understood was a mixture of the Asiatic and Alexandrian codes of worship. I here testify that the true Jesus Christ was Apollonius. That he was always represented in all sacred edifices as a lamb, and as such was worshiped wherever christianity was known. I had no faith in this religion, although I subscribed to it. It was powerful and I worked for power. I knew from information derived from the scholars of my day, that the whole religion as set forth by the Christians was nothing more than the utilization of the stars in which the Zodiak performed the principal part, and that Apollonius never meant it to be understood in any other way. But at the time I lived this religion was gaining power, and had been helped forward by that Christian scoundrel Eusebius of Cessarea. My hatred of this man is more than I can express, in consequence of the direct bearing his acts had upon my life. If I as a spirit had power to send one person to hell, that one would be Eusebius. Forgive! I can never forgive those who for hundreds of years have propagated that accursed dogma, that has enslaved this world, 'Believe or be damned.' Oh! if mortals would once stop, yes cease at once from sending spirits over to our side of life imbued with that accursed idea. I was the daughter of Arcadius and lived A. D. 452."

The following are the most remarkable communications that ever came to the earth. Other messages had been given. It was some time before a word was uttered during which time the medium's features denoted a firmly resisting will. Then followed these words, "You must come." No. I will not." You shall. The wand of truth will compel you." "No, no."

EUSEBIUS (BISHOP OF CESSAREA.)

"I yield under protest. I hate both my mortal and spirit life. I acted here and still do act a living lie. The prince of interpolaters, forgers and plagiarists now inhabits the organism of this man before you. Curse you and your book, but I will have, I suppose, to get my name into it. I have fought these spirit powers during two long years before they got me here to-night. I am fast in the net of truth. I am not, bad though I be, the forger of the passage in relation to Jesus Christ in Josephus. I merely copied it. Justin Martyr was the man who did that in his epistle to Antoninus Pius. * * * In chapter 11 of my ecclesiastical history you will find the sentence as nearly as I can give it through this man. Curse me, if I was not watched I would lie to you—that the epistles and gospels of the ancient Therapentœ are the gospels and epistles of the present day. And another thing I was compelled to say in my history that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was nothing new nor strange. There is a book extant that will settle this Anti-Nicine Library question, and what it is and where it will be told here to-night by the next spirit who will follow me.

"There is no bishop, archbishop, cardinal nor pope, that has not tampered with everything that could throw light upon Christianity. It had its origin and was founded by Apollonius of Tyana, and the principle exponent or one who did most to spread it according to the manuscripts that I copied from, was Ammonius Saccas. I think from my reading of them, he added the Egyption (Alexandrian) element to the Hindoo Original.

"All the Epistles and Gospels are in reality the creation of Christian priests. Some were named as early as the second century.

"According to documents that were extant in my day, this Christos or Krishna was worshiped in the temple of Mathura on the Tumna in the days of Sanchoniathon, 1200 B. C., positive evidence of which I think can be found in the manuscripts in the time of Alexander the Great, still extant 330 B. C. I do not come here to confess anything willingly, I am caught in a web of circumstances, trapped by spirits who know more than I do. I have confessed only what their power compelled me to confess. I have had to do it. You know my name?" We replied, "Eucebius of Cessarea." He replies, "I am Eusebius of Cessarea."

But to me this is the worst experience I have had to undergo. I would rather have spent a hundred years in hell than to have acknowledged what I have done here."

Now we ask, though this is but a fraction of what has been brought to light, how all impossible it is that the life of Jesus by himself or a co-temporary can be written. He is a fiction. As well expect an autobiography of "Hamlet," "Ben Hurr," or "Jupiter." Madame Ruggles and her associates are in the same attitude as the woman weeping over the supposed tomb of Washington. The gardener observing her peculiar movements, inquired if he could do anything for her: "Oh no, but who can help shedding tears over the great immortal Washington." "Excuse me madam, this is not Washington's tomb, it is the ice-house." Likewise what a world of emotion and sentiment have been wasted upon the frigid iceberg of the Christian Saviour, when nobody has been lost either in or out of christendom.

A. S. Hudson, M. D.

Stockton, Oct., 1889

He who can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former is not likely to be transported with the latter.

A man will be behind while he follows a leader, and will comprehend the sense of his own existence, only when he goes independent.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; and in society, our tongue.

When friends are present, do to them good deeds; when they are absent, speak of them good words.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

In the Kitchen Garden.

BY LUPA.

We had been picking green beans, and dropped on the ground between the rows to rest and talk, two things which they say a woman likes to do, and my companion had broken a trailing bean vine from its root, wound it around my garden hat and asked, with a light laugh at the oddity of the decoration, if it was suggestive of anything in particular. "Yes," I answered, after a minute's silence, "notice that spreading, twisting, unsubmissive looking mat of vines: no poles were set for their support, the wind and the sun have done their best to train them, and yet they are not contented, tidy, compact bushes like these beside us; they cannot be, for it is their nature to reach up continually, and whenever one aspiring tendril touches another, a common aim twines them together on their upward journey till, for lack of help, they fall again and yet again. While life remains they never give up trying, but the bush never commences to try. Do we blame one and praise the other? I am wondering why we cannot be as reasonable with human beings. There are those compelled by circumstances to pass their lives with natures as dissimilar as are these plants, but they never mix, never understand each other, and each blames its companion for this uncomfortable state of things. The independent bush, filled with the sturdy strength given by close contact with the earth, feels smothered by the delicate, clinging arms of the vine and neither can do its best. I wonder if they were always different, or if one was evolved from the other, and which was the first. Are we and our beans naturally bushes or naturally vines?"

"I'm sure I don't know and don't expect to find out," she answered, so we picked up our baskets and strolled out of the garden.

Transition of Timothy Conant.

Editor of Golden Gate:

A few weeks ago one of the pioneers of the Spiritual field passed on to that other and higher life leaving behind those sweet memories which only the good and pure can leave. Honest and true was our friend and worker. Timothy Conant, true to his honest convictions, true to his country and true to his friends. None more loved than he by his family, his neighbors, his friends and his comrades of the G. A. R. Numerous were the beautiful floral gifts laid upon his grave by loving hands, beautiful was the tribute paid his life and memory through the gifted inspiration that flowed from the lips of Mrs. E. L. Watson, sweet was the music that poured forth from the very hearts of the finest quartette that could be procured. Nothing was left undone that could show the high appreciation in which he was held. Many were the testimonials of respect for him that was gone, and sympathy for the family that was left, received by the widow and the loving son and daughter that mourned so deeply his loss. We feel thankful that they are able to accept the consolation and assurance that Spiritualism alone has to offer.

Mrs. R. H. Swartz.

San Jose, October 21st, 1889.

The great high-road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful. Success treads on the heels of every right effort.—*Smiles.*

Is there a greater enemy than anger which kills both laughter and joy? This flame will burn up the pleasant barge of friendship. Chain anger lest it chain thee.—*Sacred Anthology.*

Nothing so increases reverence for others as a great sorrow to one's self. It teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are shallow, and deem others so.—*Charles Buxton.*

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as respect for and reverential love of womankind.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Duty of Parents.

BY HELEN MARION WALTON.

We are often reminded of the duty of children to parents. This fact is constantly impressed upon the world by advisers and teachers of the present that much is expected of the children of this period, while little of blame for the shortcomings of parents and teachers who may be in fault for many of the errors of youth, especially if they have the early charge of their lives while in infancy.

Then is the time to mould the character in obedience to every form of demand made on them, for not only are personal habits established but the foundation laid for future praise or blame. Hence, the first five years of the child are the most important for moral lessons and personal habits that a whole after life cannot eradicate or change, either by will or force. How wary then should be the teachers, not to allow weeds to grow in the home garden instead of precious fruit.

That people generally are selfish, vain and ignoble, there can be no denial, many exceptions admitted, for there are just and conscientious parents who nobly endeavor to form good habits, manners and conduct in their children, and to build as well the moral health as the physical, so as to be pleasing, both to God and man. But for these one might well despair of the future of the race. Although we must not be forgetful in sympathy for those who have so striven to train their offspring in the right but who proved afterward disappointing to them and useless to the world.

To be sure, there are families even among good people in which certain traits of character and unseemly moral taints are in their progeny, that follow the law of heredity, cropping out now and then in certain temperaments of children in fullest expression, and it needs but little observation to discover these defects at an early age, either in the moral, mental or physical development of the children. Yet owing to the ignorance of parents of the law of progeniture in not watching for these defects in their children, totally unconscious that they exist, and are to be eradicated as soon as they appear on the surface by proper training and patient repetition of the remedy.

After many years of experience in rearing children, both my own and others, I am made conscious that notwithstanding the heredity in families, that in a generally healthy organization there is every reason to believe a good character and sound morals can be built by careful tracing of line upon line, and not only precept, but the unfailing stimulus of Christian endeavor. And it is possible that the words of a certain teacher, not long ago expressed, "Give me the first eight year's of a child's life and I care not who has the rest," a truth evidently obtained by experience in rearing the young in religious ideas.

The defects we sometimes find in the lives of children who have been carelessly reared, are mostly traceable to those having control of their early years, and certainly parents are much to blame for neglect of duty of discipline, when it was easy to rule the plastic mind, when tender love was the bond between.

To the mother, especially, belongs that firmness of purpose that rules without tyranny and serves without servility, and it may be told of her authority as of the State, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," as well as of good children and continual watchfulness the demand of the hours of infancy. When at the breast, is the time to begin, before the natural tyrant of the mother, the infant, develops his teeth of the will, or physically as soon as old enough to know the comfort of nestling in the arms, refusing the crib or cradle as less comfortable, crying at the change. The indulgent mother supposes the infant ill, not knowing the signs of physical pain from tyranny of habit; she cradles the child closer in her arms, refusing herself comfort to do so, thereby opening the way for this continually. This is an early development of selfishness in the child, by the mother's refusing to pursue a system of comfort for herself and health for the little one entrusted to her care, until a habit of indulgence is formed of rocking the infant in the arms when small, that becomes very wearisome when older.

Even small children have a species of undeveloped reasoning very young, that soon shows itself in the struggle for mastery in the child, so the very helplessness of infancy becomes the burden of the mother instead of the comfort, because no one has told her of a better system of management for the young.

I have often noticed that the very first words a child learns after "father," or "papa," or "mamma," is "no," "no;" and if not hindred tumbles head first down the stairs, or into the fire, or a pail of water, in the attempt at having his "no," and all cry out, "Dear little fellow, he don't know any better." This is true then, but he is learning fast to get his will right early and all the family are helping it on.

Self will and cruelty in the animal child are developed at the breast. The infant biting at the nursing mother's nipple, or pinching the breast, not in pain, for it is very gently at first, then looking in her face, crowing and laughing. The mother laughs back again, directly there is a good nip, a pinch, and she cries out, but kisses the little mouth and hands in forgiveness, and the play goes on. The budding reason was in the child when it tried the harder bite, or pinch, but not in the mother. She laid that aside when she accepted her idol. So this king, the first child, is set upon the family throne, and all fall down and worship him devoutly, and when he abdicates for the next in succession, the same thing is gone over, until there are more kings than subjects.

I pity the mother who can not say no to her child, and there are many such weak ones, who, yielding to the tyranny say: "He is only a baby. He will outgrow his will when he is older." Who ever saw a will outgrow itself? Not its law is that the more it is fostered the stronger it grows; the older the subject the more potent the will. While the submission of the parents to the will is only another way of expressing their own selfishness, cultivating not only the caprice of the child, but fostering a bad temper as well, and who in after life expects the world to do the same. Indeed, there are plenty of mothers who do say, "no," to some demand many times "no," who by reason of the bad temper of the child, or much teasing, for peace, consent to "yes," in the end. Letting their children see that they do not regard their word as of any account and so they follow in the same path through life.

I am sorry to say, in many families where there are small children, there seems to be a perfect pandimonium of noise continually. Every child, big or little, tries to be master of the house. Father, mother, servants, even the cat and dog, come under the sovereignty of the one of strongest will and largest fists.

In such a home, you may look where you will, under the bed, in the parlor, cellar, yard, or closet, there is nothing meets the gaze but vestiges of broken dolls, rocking horses, wheelless velocipedes, and tin trumpets in process of further dismemberment, the result of the destructive element in the whole brood of youngsters; nothing to be seen of order or harmony, only the signs of the Fetish worship of the children and no evidence of any other kind of worship in the place. Yet women wonder their husbands resort to the clubs or saloons for peace and to get away from the spilled milk and meandering gravy of the table cloth. But the strangest thing in the whole catalogue of evils is, that parents think visitors or friends like these same things, and wonder why uncles, aunts and grandmothers, do not like the children and stay away so much.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct., 1889.

Mr. Colville in Seattle.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In the commencement of his work here Mr. Colville has met with a gratifying and successful reception. His healing classes are largely patronized by the most thoughtful and intelligent students of spiritual philosophy, and the interest manifested in his labors is very pleasing and eminently satisfactory. The expressions of commendation are general. Our people here are evidently alive to the fact that a spiritual teacher of unique possibilities is in their midst, and by their attention and appreciation unmistakably show that they unreservedly recognize the remarkable ability displayed by our inspired friend and coworker. Such expressions as "You should raise the tariff for admission," "I could have listened to him all night," etc., are commonly made. Altogether we are having a favorable and happy time.

Fraternally yours,
E. G. OYSTON.

SEATTLE, W. T., Oct. 15th, 1889.

Folly.

[The Better Way]

It is a sheer folly for a Spiritualist to argue with a Materialist on the science of life or nature or evolution, or any other subject except immortality, and close that as quickly as possible by a tangible proof for that effect. In all other cases they hold the argument on the hypothesis that our theory is contrary to science; that it is obscure and confusing; and that our technical mode of expression is nonsense. Yes; because they cannot understand it. And because it is confusing to them, it must be contrary to science. It was once prophesied that scientists would be put to confusion; the time has come, and it is not for us to right them.

Let those who will, study our science and make themselves acquainted with it; and let those who desire to argue against it do so—but not in controversy. Spiritualism has sufficient listeners and students to make all our literature marketable; and if secular papers desire to make themselves popular or notorious with spiritualistic argument let them pay for it. It should be against the dignity of every Spiritualist to enter into controversy with every breying piece of humanity that feels inclined to argue against something he knows nothing about.

The true mission of Spiritualism does not lie in an ostentatious display of its wonderful phenomena for the purpose of gratifying curiosity seekers at so much per head, but in reaching for hearts, weary and sore for the conflict of life to comfort and strengthen them; in broadening and uplifting our manhood and womanhood.—*The Better Way.*

Our Field Enlarged.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Although the Materialistic and Christian systems, or rather their theories, are the very antipodes of Spiritualism and its teachings; yet, there are grounds where we can meet, and it is well we do so.

Though the first is thoroughly iconoclastic, tearing down the idols that Christians and others set up and offering nothing in its place, it still does a good work.

Any thing that will liberalize the world betters it.

Christians, or to be more correct Creedists, are the very opposites of this idea, their object is to set standards for others to conform too.

Spiritualists are or should be the happy mean, that is they should set standards and break them. A paradox, I admit, but one capable of explanation. The standard they should set is the one set by our constitution and embodied in the Golden Rule. To reduce it to a laconic it would be: give the same rights to others you would demand for yourself. In order to to secure this right, for practically we have not got it, we must organize and work for it.

This fact has been recognized by Spirittualists, Free Thinkers, the Jews and some particular sects of Christians, and it has materialized into an organization which met during the 12th, 13th and 14th days of this month in Masonic Temple, Portland, Oregon, under the name of the Oregon State Secular Union, and to begin with let me say that it has been a grand success from every point of view.

The convention was opened by an address read by Mrs. Judge Krekel of Kansas City. It was well delivered and well received. Then a banner made and presented by Miss Mattie Blaisdell, made of heavy, deep blue velvet, gold embroidered.

The first inscription is "Universal Mental Liberty," then immediately under is our beloved emblem the American Eagle. Under this are names worthy of the the respect of all the liberal right-minded of any people or time. Hypatia, Bruno, Paine and Ingersoll; under this the torch of science and human enlightener. While the grandest motto, fraught, with justice to mankind, closed this grand emblem and standard of unrecognized reformers; they are words that should burn into the heart and brain of every human being, "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality."

Sweet music by the Ariel orchestra followed. Then "America" and "A Thousand Years" was sung.

It is impossible to give all that transpired in sequence and detail but that it was a grand intellectual feast is conceded on all sides. The lady speakers who addressed this convention were Mrs. Krekel, Waisbrooker and Mrs. Rengolds. A letter was received from Ada Ballou stating sufficient cause for non-attendance.

Of the male speakers it is curious to note that the following were all at one time pastors in the Orthodox church for a longer or shorter period: C. B. Rengolds, Prof. W. S. Bell, S. P. Putnam and B. Rawson of Olympia, Washington, and it can not be said "they know not of what they speak."

We also had two "real" preachers, Rev. Dr. Block and Elder Alzonzo T. Jones, one a Jewish Rabbi, the other a Seventh Day Adventist.

And had Dr. C. L. York and Moses Hull been enabled to attend we could easily have had a convention of ex-ministers as well. Even professor Geo. H. Daws though not a preacher is the son of one. Prof. Seymour doubtful. It portends something when the best thinkers and orators of the church turn apostate to its teachings and attempt to undo the work done in the past by themselves and others.

Mrs. S. Seip gave some excellent readings. A telegram was received from Moses Hull and read in which he stated, "I will be here in thirty days."

A letter from the John Beeson Spiritualistic family of Oregon sent good will and adherence to the work in hand. We were recognized on the platform and by the press.

Alonzo Jones, the Adventist Elder, who has probably done more effective fighting against God in the Constitution and the enforcement of Sunday law, than any one man, brought up the most concise, logical and fair argument to sustain his position that it has ever been my good fortune to hear.

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker's address was from all standpoints, especially from that of reason and justice, unapproachable. It also giveth lie to the enemies of liberty when Christians, Jews, Liberals and Spiritualists can come together and work in concert on a practical question and that without wrangling.

Over four hundred dollars was received voluntarily by the second day and the receipts from the ball must be large as the hall could not accommodate all.

There were no collections taken up nor was any initiation fee exacted or expected of its members; there are absolutely no dues. One thing was noticed by many and that was that one-half of the audience was composed of Spiritualists. The society here adjourning in the convention favor.

Some of our fraternity coming from great distances to help swell the ranks to obtain Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

MAURITZ S. LIDEN.

PORTLAND, OREGON, October 16.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Order of Light.]

Children far and near, to one and all, Greeting:—The heart of Saidie is made glad as she sees those for whose good she labors earnest and honest in their seeking for knowledge. And it is knowledge and true wisdom, for which each one hungers and thirsts. Not for signs and wonders that fill the world with noise and confusion, but the peaceful truths that will bring this world into a brighter condition, and give to its people a settled and fadeless happiness. Saidie has come to you with knowledge as the foundation of her Temple. Knowledge of the past which stands as an eternal monument of the wisdom of the ages, which lights the present pathways, and gives to each life a depth of meaning never before understood. That man is immortal is taught in every religion ever offered to the people. But that man is dual is in and of himself of Deity a part, and of necessity possesses his inheritance, therefrom, minds are slow to believe. It is a source of great wonder to many, why these thoughts and manifestations have not been given in the centuries passed and gone. Why the teachers taught as they did, with the knowledge of the higher life that is and must be theirs, lain away out of sight and beyond their kin. Children, Saidie in unrolling before you the Law of the Infinite, has taught as she finds recorded there, the Law of Life. Deity, the source of a brighter life principle, bends earthward to wed with matter, as its life has become unfolded to receive its influence. In thus wedding with matter, the dual man finds birth and expression therein, becoming contaminated by its influence, if so be the material is allowed the power to govern where this has come.

Man has found it hard to extricate himself from the web thus woven before his feet. The immortal spirit descends to dwell in mortality, not that it may become partaker of lesser good, but that by meeting upon the souls' battle-ground, the evolved principles of evil, it may test and try its own powers; seeing the necessity of strength of will and character, he may unfold, bring into life and activity the same, and thus become invincible and unconquerable, a masterful Spirit. The Laws by which life is governed in the realm of the real are founded in wisdom, framed in love and in obedience; thereto, no mistakes are ever made. When children of Deity have wedded with matter, they are at first watched over, guided and led by a superior power, called Love Divine. But there comes a time when these must be left to choose and decide, when the Infinite places them through circumstance, where they must decide for themselves, as is given in shadow by your account of the Creation, when God made man and woman, and left them with a command written upon the tablet of the heart, to choose and obey. Circumstance opens the doors for even the children of Light to come under the influence of material conditions, and work their own way out of these, back again to the condition of purity, bequeathed them by Deity. Children, the warring of powers has ever been, since first worlds were sent forth at the command of Deity to revolve in space, obedient to the mandate of Law, which causes each one to revolve upon its own orbit, and thus all march on harmoniously, keeping time to the music of the spheres, with which limitless space resounds.

The voice of the Omnipotent is heard and obeyed, in the musical rythm sung by worlds in space. Praises, unheard by mortals are sung. Anthems most glorious are chanted, and respond thereto with the soul anthem continually echoed from ransomed hosts, who are crowned with laurels of victory, in the souls' Fatherland. Children, a knowledge of your possibilities is the greatest inspiration that can come to your hearts. The knowledge that you may become the saviour of the race, by becoming what the Infinite has designed you to become. From incarnation to incarnation circumstance will lead you, until you with full heart and soul are able to catch the divine music that echoes through the spheres, and sing in perfect harmony with angels and worlds the anthem of love, never heard on mortal shores. The law of right recorded in the book of Justice by the unerring pen of Fate, must reign in every heart, ere they be free. Liberty is for the sons of men, but each one must earn their right to its enjoyment, ere it were safe to place its reins in their hands. Saidie sorrows over wrong and oppression while she knows the time must come when all this is done away. She sorrows o'er the inroads made by cruel fanatical teachings, and would give to those she loves the light of a higher reason. Mankind have become spiritually blind, and yet spirits have ever sought to unseal their eyes. Hell, so called, is not a fable to hearts who formed their own hell of suffering, and also to those who have inherited much of the suffering caused by the wrongs of others. But know, our children, that in meeting to conquer these conditions, you are gaining that power which will the more speedily give you mastery over all things, and thus you will become a power among the dwellers of High Heaven where all life is but an expression of Deity's highest aspiration in His children, voices of the Infinite urge you on to greater attainment and to higher fulfillments. In the heavens dwell your guardians in their homes of light; they come earthward at every call. Soul speaks to Soul in the silent language only the soul can understand, heard not by the outside world, that is not receptive thereto. Saidie has no gospel for the erring except this, cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Only in remorse will man learn to look outside himself for a law that shall be a saviour, therefore has suffering come as a purifying fire, to lead the children of men to a higher plane of thought. Not until man has learned to aspire to higher than materal thought has he attracted the deific spark and became immortal. Not the gross, the low, know of immortal life, for they aspire not to its influences and have not met in the shining spheres the law of unfoldment that gives to them their Divine natures. All animal life partakes of intelligence in a greater or less degree. But animals rise not to the plane of immortality, neither do the lower spheres support an immortal existence of forms. There must be an ontreaching after God, the source of Life and Law, ere man can rise in the scale of being, and understanding his own possibilities, begin in earnest the work of life, which is to earn and own his immortal possessions, and not expect or hope to claim these through the worth or intercession of another, be that one the highest angel from the highest Heavens. Children, Saidie has ever striven to lay before you the principles of truth and purity; has counselled you to pure living, and the exemplification of principles of right and justice. In her work she has crowned and chosen those whom she can easily use as her instruments. In your askings for counsel, she has striven to lead you by your own unfoldment, where wisdom might meet, and become your guiding power. Thus she would help you to gain that for which you have left your homes of Light to battle with adverse conditions in this world where wrong and oppression hold sway. Could but the principles of right and justice control the entire land, the millennium, so long looked for, and so earnestly prayed for would speedily come. Growth will be slow, but it is growth, and time in its ceaseless round and round, will bring its changes. Mankind will learn through the bitterness false hope bestows to look for and learn the right. Heaven and hell, will teach their lessons, until in time, Peace shall have come to earth to stay. Angels pray for this in their ceaseless work upon the hearts of the people, mortals respond their Amen to our prayer, by their co-operation with us; their resolute uprooting of evil, that good may spring up and grow, and wisdom may bless the land. Peace be with you.

SAIDIE.

J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light, Oswego, N. J. Sept. 30, 1889.

New Workers in the Field.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly make public the announcement that Mrs. Oyston and myself, in compliance with the wishes of our respective guides, have resolved to enter upon public work, and shall be pleased to receive engagements anywhere on the Pacific Coast. My wife is a metaphysical healer, who has had extensive and valuable experience in that department of spiritual work. Individually, platform work absorbed most of my leisure time previous to my arrival in this country; now I am prepared to resume my labors. Mr. Colville has expressed a wish for us to accompany him to Victoria, B. C., where he will introduce us to our work, after which he will return to this field of operation, leaving us to continue spiritual propaganda. Fraternally yours,

C. G. OYSTON.

Room 23, Dayton Block, Third street, SEATTLE, W. T., Oct. 15th, 1889.

St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Spiritual Alliance of this city have secured for October and November, the services of Bishop A. Beals, as lecturer, and think they have been fortunate, because under his ministrations the interest has increased and audience grown to nearly the full capacity of Waucota Chapel where we hold our meetings. The interest in Spiritualism is increasing in this city as evinced by the many inquirers to learn where seances and circles are held.

The Alliance have a social dance every two weeks, a musical and literary entertainment every two weeks, a dime social every week, and Bro. Beals holds a spiritual inquiry meeting in the interests of the society every week, all of which shows the increasing interest in the cause here. The spiritual wave from the Beyond has evidently reached this city, and we hope humanity will be benefitted thereby.

Yours, etc., H. H. KENYON.

ONE of Edison's chiefs lives in a house at Newark, N. J., which is alive with wires. As one approaches the front gate it swings open and shuts automatically. The visitor's foot on the steps of the porch rings a bell in the kitchen and also one in the master's study. By touching a button he opens the front door before the stranger has time to knock. An electrical music box plays during dinner. When the guest retires to his bed-room the folding bed unfolds by electricity. When he puts out the gas a strange, mocking display of skeletons, gravestones, owls and other hideous phantasmagoria dance about on the wall at his feet.

"Spiritual Evolution,"

This is a beautifully printed and bound book of poems, of 117 pages, written by Warren Holden, with thought and care, in a pure and reverent spirit. The author says in his brief preface: "The too literal interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures exposes them to the assaults of infidelity and atheism. In order to rescue the Bible from such profane handling, it is necessary to reconcile its apparent self-contradictions; and nothing, it seems to the present writer, can do this so effectually as the unreserved recognition of its symbolic character."

Thus actuated the author condenses the grand biblical scheme from the creation to the resurrection of Jesus in verse that by its very condensation at times is hard like a skeleton, suggestive of the opportunity if time and space permitted of being developed in soundness and beauty, but always expressive and thoughtful. The book must be read as a whole as quotations fail to represent its purpose. The following, however, will give the reader a taste of its style:

Doth not one rich generous creditor
Freely forgive the debt? What thence infer?
Can debt forgiven reclothe a naked soul?
Whose garment in time's loom is woven whole?
And woven only by his own right hand,
As day by day supplies each single strand?

A beautiful thought it is that the soul weaves by its own exertion its own seamless garment, day by day through life; never completed yet, always whole in fabric, with every thought and action daily staining and soiling, or making white and beautiful.

The impatient waiting soul is prone to cry:

Watchman what of the night? The clouds increase
And all around grows darker and more drear.
Our hearts within are failing us for fear,
And hope deferred is pining for release.
Why lingers the long-promised Prince of Peace,
Messiah sent to bring salvation near,
To free the captive, broken hearts to cheer,
Of sin and sorrow to command successs?

The same author has issued a supplemental pamphlet of sonnets, from which is culled the following beautiful expression:

Dead bodies are not men. It is the soul
That loves, and therefore lives eternally.
The body's but a garment loosely worn.
The soul, of love's immortal substance born,
Remains a part of that unbroken whole.

Mr. Holden is, however, as a poet of the coming age, too much hampered by his religious inclinations, and as a religionist, too clearly progressive. The reader constantly feels that the reconciliation is an effort, and not genuine.

As an illustration, the passage last quoted is exquisite, complete and truthful in purpose and meaning, but the author adds: "Because I live, ye also live in me," refering to Jesus Christ as the fountain of life everlasting, which entirely changes the meaning, and makes the sonnet in its ending contradictory and false in its teaching, however consonant to the Christian religion. HUDSON TUTTLE.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O.

"Charley, dear," said a meek-looking little woman to her husband, "I want to ask you a favor."

"What is it?"

"I wish you would let me learn to talk politics, chew tobacco, and swear."

"Great scott, woman! Have you lost your mind?"

"No, Charley, dear. I just thought I would like to make my society more agreeable to you, so that you would stay at home evenings more."

Every human soul has the germs of some flowers within, and they would open if they would only find sunshine and pure air to expand in. I always told you that not having enough sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy and there will not be half the quarreling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.—*L. M. Child.*

Distinguish between doing right in order to help others—as when one lights a beacon in order to guide the sailor; and doing right in order to be praised by others—as when one stands in full blaze of a chandelier in order to display his own jewelry.—*Boardman.*

Politeness is the most efficient aid in the world to strengthen a good name or to supply the want of one.

GOLDEN GATE.

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MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, - Secretary and Assistant

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1889.

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TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps.

J. J. OWEN, Manager.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

There is much more good in the hearts of men than always appears upon the surface. They may seem cold and thoughtless of the welfare of others, and even indifferent to the ordinary appeals of charity; but let some great calamity befall a community—some wide and fearful devastation by fire, flood, famine, or pestilence, and straightway they become heroes. Their hearts and purses are open to the cry of distress. The fact is, our business methods are calculated to close the avenues of sympathy to the needs and distress of others. The strife and struggle necessary to hold one's own in the competitive grab for even the humblest means of existence, all operate to dim the divine glow of humanity in the soul, and make us mean and unnatural.

* * *

"Am I my brother's keeper?" That, Cain, is just what you are. When he is weak and you are strong, you owe him of your strength. When he would wander in by and forbidden paths, it is your duty to show him the better way. If you see a snare in his path that might cause him to stumble, it is a crime in you not to remove it. For what purpose, Cain, were you given superior wisdom or strength, but to assist those less endowed along the journey of life? But do you do it? See the multitude of young men sowing the seeds of disease and death in the thousands of liquor saloons of this city. What are you doing to save them? Are you not responsible for those deadfalls in licensing them to sell poison to those young men? Behold the wretchedness, misery and crime all around, the results of man's weakness and cupidity. Are you sure that your skirts are free from all responsibility for this condition of things? These are serious questions, Cain, and they appeal to you for an answer. You cannot escape your duty and responsibility in these matters any more than you did that fearful homicide you tried to conceal with the evasive question, with which we commence this fragment.

* * *

What a dull, leaden thing is a human heart away from its home nest and longing to return. The man or woman who was never homesick has missed just one note of agony in the gamut of human suffering, that would vastly enrich their experience to realize. We well remember, when a boy of twelve years, we left the shelter of the paternal roof to solve the problem of life—to learn the printer's trade. Eleven miles away! What an infinite distance, and what æons of time were involved in that first week of absence! Strange faces and scenes all around, and such an aching lump in the breast! And when Saturday night came, with what eager joy we walked those eleven miles to be once more coddled in the dear old home nest. What a joyous welcome from the six noisy brothers and the one wee sister, as the traveler(?) returned to them, and the sainted mother gathered her wanderer of a great long week to her loving heart. Ah, that was in the "lang syne." Where now is that happy household? All except the writer and the then baby girl in some of the many mansions of the Infinite Father in the Beyond! And we, toughened and grizzled with the footprints of time, sit here dreaming of the good time coming in the evening—the Saturday evening—when our task shall be finished, and we can go home!

One may belong to all the churches in this great city; he may keep all the Sundays and holy days in the calendar; he may even abstain from the use of meat on Fridays, and if he be not charitable and have love in his heart for his fellow men, it will avail him nothing in the life to come. And so, after all, it is love that saves, and not the ordinances of the Church. Then why not dispense with all ecclesiastical machinery and appliances in the work of salvation, and depend upon love alone, which any one can have without the aid of priest or church. One doesn't need to "believe and be baptized" in order to be good; he need subscribe to no creed or confession of faith in order to love his fellow men, bind up broken hearts, or minister to the wants of the needy. And that is all the religion that Jesus taught.

* * *

Beautiful mother! How patiently and gently she bears up under the heavy burden of her almost desolate life. Desolate, did we say? Not so. Loving angels are her daily companions; they walk by her side, through the fields and over the hills of her lonely mountain home,—wherever duty calls her,—and they brood her with their sweet presence through the silent watches of the night, ever enthusing her heart with an abiding trust in the All-Good. At her tasks, early and late, though not strong for such arduous toil, yet never complaining,—always the gentle word and the kind thought, and always the comfort of others in preference to that of herself. Grand, unselfish soul! There is a brighter day dawning for you. Think not the clouds that have so long lowered over your widowed life have no silver lining. Already the light is breaking, and the glow and warmth of happier hours are near at hand. There are years of happiness before you in this life, and a crown of peace, the guerdon of a beautiful womanhood, in the life Beyond.

* * *

A lady friend nearly sixty years of age, who had tramped all day through the busy streets, preparatory to departing on a long journey by sea, dropped in to spend the evening with us recently. She bore not the slightest appearance of fatigue, and was bright, convivial and full of life. We inquired the secret of her freshness and strength. She replied that she had learned the art of holding herself together, as it were, and not exhausting her vitality in her physical labors. She could find rest while walking along the crowded streets, by not allowing other persons or things to draw upon her strength. If she found herself becoming wearied in the least, she immediately called a halt of her forces, and rallied to the support of herself. Thus by a prompt and wise exercise of her will powers she was able to ward off physical fatigue, and at the same time perform a vast amount of work. Here is a fine illustration of the power of mind over matter, and one which we recommend others to imitate.

* * *

It is indeed strange that so many believers in spiritual truths should be averse to permitting the fact to be made known—as though some surrender of reputation depended upon a concealment of the truth. The time has long since past when to be known as a Spiritualist was attended with any disgrace, if indeed there was ever any such time. The attitude of Christians who reject the positive facts of Spiritualism is simply puerile. They have pretended to believe in the existence and communion of spirits in a sort of general or deific way, it is true, but without any positive proof thereof. Now, for them to ridicule Spiritualists for confirming them in their belief, with proof, "in confirmation strong as proof of holy writ," is not only unjust, but it emphasizes their own illogical attitude of believing without proof! But there are too many good men and women in the world, men of broad intellectuality and acknowledged worth, who are open and avowed Spiritualists, for anyone longer to hesitate to be known as such.

* * *

Sickness is nothing more nor less than the body at war with the spirit. A good lady, who had been an invalid for years, and is now a great sufferer from a combination of ailments, said to us a few days ago that she did not believe in Spiritualism—thought it all fraud and humbug, that she did not want any of her spirit friends coming near her. "That," we replied, "is just "what's the matter with you, and fully accounts "for your ill health. Your attitude of mind to"wards your spirit friends, who would gladly "bring you health and strength, prevents their "coming into your aura; hence, they are power"less to aid you." How much misery could be averted in this life if people only understood these spirit laws better, and brought their own spirits into harmony with the world of spirit forces on the other side of life. How pained must be the spirits of our loved ones, who have left us for a brief season, to be rudely repulsed when they would come to us, with loving purpose, from their shining homes.

* * *

Twenty missionaries sailed from this city one day last week for Siam, China, and other places in the Orient, to teach the people of those lands something about Jesus. What a waste of good men and women! Missionaries, from a country that licenses rum-selling; from a people far less honest, or moral, in a general sense, than those to whom these missionaries are sent! How the chains of a perverted education must cling to the limbs of these poor missionaries. They give up their lives for the imagined welfare of the poor heathen, who care nothing at all for their teachings, unless it be that they may thereby acquire a knowledge of another tongue. The Hindu doesn't want our religion, for the very good reason that he thinks he has a much better kind of religion of his own. He *might* profit by some of our science—our superior knowledge of many things; but that isn't religion, and that isn't what these men and women go out to teach.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

This question was doubtless asked in contempt and derision; but the man who asked it did not live long enough to witness the power of modern freethought, the revolution it has wrought in the weak germ of toleration that once struggled for being, nor the respect accorded to all ideas and theories that are not understood. There was a time when mesmerism was tabooed as the conception of a lunatic, or a will exerted upon mortals through the agency of Satan; even now it is not generally recognized as otherwise, under its old name, but as hypnotism, it is regarded as a revelation of Science, and in the Old World, where it was first proclaimed, it (mesmerism) is creating a profound interest among all learned classes. French physicians, who are studying the matter as something quite new, are of the belief that this new-called power will yet succeed the use of chloroform in the practice of painful surgical operations. Many wonderful experiments made to this end were proved successful. Patients have been hypnotized (mesmerized) and while in that state, have undergone operations of the most painful and delicate nature, without showing the least sensibility to suffering. While there is much in a name, especially a new name, it really does not matter what it is, so long as its truth or truths it represents, are accepted and applied to the betterment of mankind, the mitigation of mental woe and darkness, or the relief of bodily ills.

A CLOSE GUESSER.

A good brother, who delights to rattle the bones of the dead past, and denounce in vigorous language, the monstrous errors and superstitions of ecclesiasticism, in a private note accompanying one of his thundergusts says: "'I have "an impression that you print my communica"tions with reluctance, or that you—like my "wife—would rather I should write on some "other subject, or the opposite to the one dis"cussed. But to me it seems high time, or past "that time, when we should be done with this "great fraud of the centuries.'" The correctness of our correspondent's "impressions" would seem to indicate that he is something of a psychometrist! That he is possessed of a wife of excellent good sense, is evident!

We are not in sympathy with error of any kind. We understand well the mischievous character of the religious dogmas, as held and enforced upon the consciences of the people by a tyrannous priesthood, in the past history of the church. But in the evolution of thought we find that man is no longer the unwilling slave of creed. He has risen superior to religious tradition in all except what he chooses to believe. The church is powerless to enforce its dogmas, and is at the mercy of the keen criticism of an enlightened infidelity. Hence, instead of denouncing the church, and bewailing its past errors, we would look to the future, and aid in spreading the light of reason and science through the world, when the owls and the bats of the night of religious darkness will naturally betake themselves to their caves, where they will be entirely harmless. Instead of eternally pursuing and destroying poisonous reptiles, we would clear off and cultivate the soil, and thus make it impossible for such reptiles to thrive.

We believe that the only way of salvation is through kindness—that love will overcome all evil. It is stronger than error, and will surely prevail. Violently assail one's belief and you but confirm him therein. He is fortified to blindly resist you; but show him the better way in love, and you may lead him with a thread of gossamer.

W. J. COLVILLE'S WORK.—W. J. Colville has completed a very successful engagement in Seattle where he spoke publicly sixteen times in eight days. The meetings on Sundays, Oct., 13, and 20, were very large, and twice every week day excellent audiences assembled. After leaving Seattle his programme and work was: Tacoma Oct., 21st. Olympia, Oct. 22d.; Victoria, B. C. Oct. 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th; Portland, Nov. 1st, to the 8th, inclusive. Owing to pressing engagements in the North, his return to this city is unavoidably delayed one week, therefore his public meeting in San Francisco will commence at College Hall, 106 McAllister St., Sunday Oct. 10th, at 10.45 A. M., and 7.30 P. M. His class at 1119 Sutter St., opens Monday Nov. 11th, at 10 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. At the Sunday services voluntary collections only will be made; the terms for private course of instruction in class will be $2.50 for twelve lessons morning or evening. Single admissions will not be wanted as the space is limited and the teaching will be thereby consecutive and of an advanced character. Thirty students only can be received in one class. Lessons given Monday, Wednesday and Friday, four weeks. Immediate application should be made to Mrs. Brock, 1119 Sutter St., who will enrol names of intending students until the number is complete. A class will be formed in Oakland and in Alameda also.

GREAT ATTRACTIONS EVERY SUNDAY EVENING AT WASHINGTON HALL.

Notwithstanding the pouring rain, muddy streets and slummy sidewalks last Sunday evening, there was (a surprise to all present) a large attendance at the meeting of "The Society of Progressive Spiritualists," in Washington Hall, opposite the Tivoli, to hear Prof. Dawbarn's promised lecture on "The Size of Man," and particularly, to listen to the messages from the invisible denizens who have ascended to a higher state of existence, to their surviving earthly relatives and friends, through one of their commissioned and most gifted interpreters.

Gracefully ascending the platform at the conclusion of Prof. Dawbarn's eloquent and instructive lecture, and her introduction to the audience by the presiding officer, Mrs. Whitney briefly informed her auditors that her tests would be given subsequent to her passing into a trance condition, during which time she would be entirely unconscious as to the nature and character, both of her words and acts, which would not be those of herself, but those of her spirit guides. Being personally powerless to control, in the least, the forces which envelope her organism, she was unable to offer any assurance that her labors of the evening would be a success. She would do as directed by her control, be the same, good, bad or indifferent; that much, very much of her success would hinge upon the quiet feeling and deportment of those composing the meeting. The power of her control would be augmented, for success, in the ratio of the added increase of the feeling of sympathy and harmony between herself and those composing the meeting. After requesting the meeting to make no demonstration of applause, a soft, quieting and soothing vocal solo was feelingly rendered by Mrs. Rutter, during which Mrs. Whitney was entranced, and thereafter the spirit of quiet and harmony dominated the meeting.

Exempt of the preliminary delays, Mrs. Whitney, at once, announced the name of the invisible spirit, which was promptly recognized, and also the names and relationalships, of those present, to whom revelations were to be made. Pouring out her revelations from one to another with a correctness and rapidity, never before witnessed by those who had previously been present at her public exhibitions, it was evident that her control exercised a power over her never before experienced. In about forty-five minutes, thirty-one spirits announced their respective names, twenty-nine of whom were recognized and fifty-three tests were correctly given. A large proportion of the tests given were characterized by such anxious solicitude and loving tenderness for their friends in the form, as to cause tears to flow, alike in youth and age of both sexes in every part of the hall, during the tests. It was an occasion of sweet solemnity, long to be remembered.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Bro. E. W. Steele left on Thursday for his pretty country home in San Luis Obispo.

—Dean Clarke closes his engagement at Santa Cruz to-morrow, and is again ready to respond to calls for spiritual work. Offers may be made through this office.

—There will be no meeting for "soul communion" at Alpha Hall, to-morrow, the 27th, nor until further notice, Mrs. Washburn being absent in Sacramento.

—The next social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club will be held at the residence of Mrs. G. C. Irvin, 1143 Valencia St., Saturday evening, November 2d. All friends are cordially invited.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney wishes it to be distinctly understood that she is not regularly engaged to or for any society whatever, but will give platform tests for The Society of Progressive Spiritualists so long as so directed by her guides.

—Dr. Morton's *Psychic Studies*, for November, (No. 6), is just out. Its leading paper is, "Our Relation with the Spiritual World." Price, 10 cents for single copies; $1 per annum. Address Dr. Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco.

—W. J. Colville's offer to send his new book on "Theosophy," with one year's subscription to the GOLDEN GATE, for $3, expires October 31st, as the book is now nearly out. It is being published by Colby & Rich, Boston, and will sell at $1.50; 500 pages, handsome cloth.

—Twice in the history of Rev. Talmage's ministerial work has his church been destroyed by fire, a circumstance which the orthodox clergy could, no doubt, readily have accounted for had he been a preacher of the gospel of Spiritualism. How they will explain it now we are not advised.

—The columns of the GOLDEN GATE are open to encouraging words for all good mediums. But, as it is impossible for us to attend all their meetings and seances, we are obliged to depend upon the friends of the mediums, mainly, to furnish the words. We should be glad to publish more frequent and extended notices of John Slater's, Mrs. J. J. Whitney's, Mrs. Aitkin's, and the meetings of many other good mediums, if intelligent persons present would only write them up.

—A good sister, writing from Warsaw, Ind., to renew her subscription to the GOLDEN GATE for another year, says: "I feel that I *must* have "some spiritual food, or die; and as I like your "paper best of all our papers, I shall always "struggle to get the wherewith to have it. I "like your 'Fragments,' and best of all the "kindly spirit you manifest toward all, and the "exclusion of all fault finding, and tearing down "some one else to build yourself up. In fact "you and your paper suit me well."

—The attention of our readers is called to Henry N. Clement's review of Mrs. Eyster's charming book for the young, "A Colonial Boy," published on another page of this paper. This book will be found as helpful to all young people, as it is delightfully interesting. A grand, uplifting purpose, runs through the story, as through all of Mrs. Eyster's works. Californians would honor themselves by speedily exhausting the first edition of "A Colonial Boy," and eagerly demanding for more. Joseph H. Dorety, 527 Commercial street, is agent for the Pacific Coast for this book.

NOT SO DESIRABLE.

The pomp and splendor of royalty [most] dazzling to those who contemplate it from a distance, or mayhaps through the eyes of another, as newspaper correspondents so amply enable the generality of mankind to do. But in these latter days the telegraphic dispatches, which deal mostly with the negative side of life in all its states and conditions, go to confirm the fact that a kingdom or an empire is far less desirable than peace and contentment of mind. The world regards imperial rulers as the greatest of mortals, but there are some among them who would exchange their crown for a cottage, if by it they might have but a short lease of life, like that their simple subjects lead. We have all long suspected the Emperor of Russia to be one of these, and his own words confirm it. The following was written not very recently, and we can easily imagine what he would say now on the same subject:

"I must repeatedly tell you that I am not at all satisfied with my position. It is too brilliant for my character, which is only contented with peace and family life. Court life does not suit me, and I suffer daily in being compelled to associate with the men at court. But I cannot accustom myself to judge their miserable actions coolly, and yet all this is done solely with the object of receiving outward distinctions which, according to my opinion, are not worth a copeck. I feel unhappy in the society of these men, whom I would not suffer near me were they lackeys. But, alas! they occupy the highest offices. In one word, dear friend, I must acknowledge that in losing my brothers, I suffered an unutterable loss." * * * The above must help us to think better of the Czar of Russia as a man if not as an Emperor.

CLARA BARTON.

Flood, fire, heat and cold, have in turn tortured the people of Johnstown, and lastly comes fever, and the revival of the whisky traffic which latter has paralyzed all the efforts so vigorously put forth to re-establish the city. The Pittsburg *Post* recently made the statement that "the town "is a scene of indescribable drunkenness. Men "whose families are being supported by the bene"factions of the Nation, are spending their sub"stance at the bar, while public works are at a "standstill, because enough sober workmen can "not be secured."

But Clara Barton is there, which is something hopeful. She has had erected a large wooden building, with thirty-six bedrooms, with dining hall, kitchen, etc., which will be followed by others, in which it is hoped that many hundreds will find protection from Winter's storms and cold, who could not possibly in a few weeks get homes all their own.

The source of evil that delays so much necessary work, the saloons, should be suppressed; and under the circumstances it would seem an easy thing to do, but it is not done. Miss Barton will find her work not growing less, unless the civil authorities come to her aid and prohibit the sale of alcoholic beverages in Johnstown while it is rising from the ashes of its awful destruction.

Miss Barton's work will save untold suffering to women and children the coming Winter; and there is no doubt her influence will be brought to bear upon the saloon business that is now delaying the prosecution of public work.

NO SACRIFICE

Not many minds have risen to so great heights of spiritual truth as Emerson did. He stood out clear and distinct in the spiritual atmosphere, as mountain peaks tower above hills. What he perceived is spiritual revelation. Of the soul he says: "The soul will know neither deformity nor pain. If, in the hours of clear reason, we should speak the severest truth, we should say that we had never made a sacrifice. In these hours, the mind seems so great that nothing can be taken from us that seems much. All loss, all pain, is particular: the universe remains to the heart unhurt. Neither vexation nor calamities abate our trust. No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might. Allow for exaggeration in the most patient and sorely ridden that ever was driven; it is only finite that has wrought and suffered: the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose."

Emerson was a grand philosopher. The world should study him more, and get up into that realm of thought where it can look *down on* instead of forward to calamity. True, we may not ignore it altogether, but we may get a broader view of it, and a better understanding, and then learn how little and light it really is when placed in the balance with those things that pass not away.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.—The following pertinent questions, from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, should be committed to memory by every Spiritualist: "Is your knowledge of Spir"itualism a comfort and a benefit to you? If "so, what are you daily doing to repay the obli"gation? How much has Spiritualism cost you "in dollars and cents for the past twelve months? "In figuring it up, don't count in what you paid "to go to camp-meeting, or to attend a seance; "those items are not properly a part of the ac"count. How much have you done to promote "lectures in your vicinity, how much to sustain "Sunday Lyceums for the young, how often "have you gone out of your way to alleviate the "physical needs and the heartaches of those poor "and worthy Spiritualists whom you must "know? Have you paid your publisher for his "arduous efforts, or are you in arrears for your "paper? In a word, how much better off is the "world because you have lived to see another "summer pass?"

WHY NOT?

"If one would realize how thoroughly the old spirit of so-called religion is eliminated from the body of the church, it is only necessary to contemplate those mortals whose lukewarmness has originated the idea of the telephonic church, now being carried out at Tunbridge Wells, England. To be sure, the arrangement might be a blessing to the invalid and aged; but when able-bodied individuals avail themselves of the convenience, simply that they may stay at home and lounge, smoke, and perhaps be reading the Sunday paper at the same time the sermon is in progress, it looks suspicious. As yet few are enjoying the telephonic convenience; sufficient are, however, to make it suggestive."—*Exchange*.

We doubt not that the Spirit of God is in the telephone, when it tells the truth, as it is in all honest hearts. Christians believe He is to be found in the churches alone; if so, He can not be worshiped by telephone, and surely will not be accepted by the orthodox God. It is thought by some that church worship has reached the extreme of æstheticism, which idea would suggest a change, and, perhaps, a revolution in sectarian worship. The general complaint is a falling off of attendance. We doubt not that all would listen to a sermon could they do so without arraying themselves for the inspection of a great audience, and to which there might be named other and weightier objections. The telephone might yet be the means of establishing home worship, and relieve ministers of the embarassment of often preaching to half-asleep congregations. We believe telephonic worship would be quite as sincere as is the old method; while the novelty of hearing without seeing would always be a new source of interest. When the world comes to understand that what is suprem and eternal, must be all pervading, it will not be considered necessary to seek God in churches. And when He is found in the family circle, He will readily be found also in Nature's temples, whose dome is the sky, and whose altars every lovely spot of earth. In the season of bloom and verdure the telephone will not even be needed, but ministers and flocks will adjourn to the parks or woods, and worship and praise God more truly than beneath brick or stone.

A GOOD NEW STATE.

Massachusetts and the New State of North Dakota both disprove the assertion, that time is required for the people of a State to rise to the level of Constitutional prohibition. Old Massachusetts has voted down prohibition more than once, notwithstanding its long steeping in the hot waters of orthodoxy over a puritanical fire.

North Dakota adopted Constitutional prohibition on the first ballot, something of which her people should be forever proud. The liquor men deem all opposition useless, and are leaving *en masse* for parts more congenial to their calling. Drug stores are fast increasing, by which is meant that the sale of liquors will be attempted under the guise of *prescriptions*; but the next Legislature will be prepared to meet and deal with this dodge, so that drug stores in Dakota will do only a legitimate business. It speaks well for all classes of citizens in this new State that those who voted least for prohibition, are now as desirous of seeing the law strictly enforced as are the most ardent advocates. If the other new States could do as well for themselves, the date of their admission would deserve a place in our calendar of national holidays.

Gleanings from the Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The human spirit is naturally buoyant, as its great parent, Love, implanted in each the principle of hope, by which it rises above unfavoring circumstances to the contemplation of a happier condition. Rainy skies and muddy streets, could not therefore deter the boys and girls, men and women, who flocked to the hall, 909 1-2 Market Street, on last Sunday morning, where the Progressive Lyceum meets each Sunday at 10 30 A. M., and filled the room.

The new conductor, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, entered at once upon her duties and succeeded in persuading many of the pupils to recite terse and timely called words of wisdom, while May Carter executed a piano solo.

A surprise was given the leaders by the resignation of Mr. C. H. Gillman, from the position of librarian, which he has filled faithfully for a long time. His resignation was accepted as he assigned business pressure as the reason for it, and Clement E. Ward was elected to fill the vacancy, with Harry Morris as assistant Librarian.

The committee on programme for the next public entertainment which will be given on Saturday evening, November 2d, at St. George's Hall, reported that they had good reason to believe that equally as fine a programme as the last one, will be presented. The committee will complete its work by meeting at 9 o'clock next Sunday morning in the Lyceum room.

The coming bazar, which will probably be held on Thanksgiving night and the ensuing evening, is assuming practical shape. Its design is to chiefly afford Spiritualists and those who have not yet realized the wonder of their own being, an opportunity to mingle in close bonds of sympathy, and it is hoped as one result that a small amount may be added to the treasury from which the expenses of the Lyceum are met. The admittance will be merely a nominal one, for such an affair. Many contributions have already been made by those friendly to the Lyceum, and these with others prospective, and the energy displayed by the chief workers as well as pupils, is guarantee of its success. The difficulty in the way at present is to secure an available hall, but the generous spirit that has enabled the Lyceum to surmount other difficulties will enable it to surmount this.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting on last Wednesday evening was well attended, in fact the audience could hardly be accommodated with seats. The meeting opened at 8 o'clock with a piano solo by Mrs. Rutter, folowed by a few remarks by the President requesting the mediums to take seats on the platform, to which a number responded, the audience then sang America. After which Mr. Ehrlinger, a young and newly developed medium, gave an interesting inspirational address, for which he deserves great credit, as it was fine for a new medium. Mr. Ewens of Chicago then took the platform and gave a number of fine tests, one was partly given in the Swedish language, and another in German. Dr. J. M. Temple then took the platform and gave a large number of excellent tests, all were acknowledged by the persons who received them. Mr. Dean made a few remarks and gave a few tests. Mr. Dean is a new medium, and is just coming before the public.

Miss Agnes Watson then rendered an inspirational song. Mrs. Ladd Finnican took the platform and gave tests for about thirty minutes giving a great many tests, all being acknowledged by the persons receiving them. The meeting closed by a song by the audience to meet again next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at St. Andrews' Hall, 111 Larkin Street.

M. H. W.

St. George's Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The circle of Harmony met in St. George's Hall, 709 Market st., last Sunday, at 11 A. M. After the opening exercises by the musicians and Mrs. Logan, Prof. Ewens of Chicago made a short speech and gave several remarkable tests, followed by Dr. Temple of Boston in giving many tests which were responded to. Mrs. McCann also gave tests to those sitting near her who acknowledged them to be correct. The boy medium made a very good speech on "Brotherly Love."

Mr. Dean was controlled by his father to contrast the old with the new in a creditable manner. Mr. Wilkison, a young medium, spoke in his normal condition. Meeting adjourned with music until evening.

At 7:30 Mrs. Logan recited a poem and made appropriate remarks on healing by a vital force which renovated the system when applied as imparted by the true Spiritual Healer. She was astonished that any Spiritualist should employ a physician, take opiates and drug medicines when the silent Spiritual force was all potent to disintegrate the disease, banish it and infill the system with health.

Miss A. M. Henshall performed music on the piano under Spiritual influence, and also on the organ with the gas turned off, accompanied with a far-sounding voice which seemed hardly of the earth sphere. A large circle was formed and Professor Ewens gave many grand tests and announced that he would be there next Sunday at 11 o'clock, and also hold circles at Mrs. Logan's, at 841 Market, all the week evenings except Wednesdays.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Snnday to hold their usual meetings; Dr. Macsorley presiding. After the opening exercises which consisted of songs, and short speeches, the President read a very interesting poem, after which, Dr. Temple was introduced as the medium for the evening. After some few remarks the medium proceeded to give tests carrying sunshine to many hearts throughout the audience by way of messages from spirit friends. A large number of names were given and recognized all seeming well satisfied with the proceedings. The audience was large, still not so crowded as usual, owing, no doubt, to the inclemency of the weather.

Dr. Dewey was not present on Sunday evening as expected, owing to sickness. We hope by next Sunday evening he will be entirely well and able to be with us. We invite all friends to come and visit us. Yours for the Truth,

MRS. DAVIS.
Oct. 20, 1889. Secretary.

Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, late of New York, and until quite recently engaged in San Francisco, has established a course of lectures, Sunday afternoons, in Grand Army Hall, Thirteenth street, this city, and although coming here almost an entire stranger, has already drawn about herself a goodly throng of cultured Spiritualists and anxious seekers for the paths of truth. Last Sunday afternoon, nothwithstanding the heavy rainfall, a fine audience assembled to hear the words of spiritual wisdom from her controls. Both invocation and lecture were masterpieces of eloquence and spirituality. The answering of mental questions and tests given after the lecture, were marked by the clear, concise manner in which they were given, and the decided appreciation evinced by the audience. That we may be able to indefinitely prolong her stay amongst us, is the earnest wish of all who hear her.

Yours, etc., HOMO.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The storm of last Sunday did not deter people from attending the evening meeting, the hall being full. The lecture of Prof. Dawbarn was said by many to have been the best he has delivered since lecturing for the society, and that is high praise, where all have been so instructive and interesting. His lecture next Sunday evening will be equally as good, we have no doubt, the subject being, "The To-morrow of Spiritualism." It is a rare treat to hear such practical truths given from this platform. After the lecture, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, our celebrated California medium, gave a great many positive tests to persons present,—very comforting to those receiving them and intensely interesting to all present. Next Sunday Mrs. Whitney will again occupy the platform at the close of the lecture. Come early to secure seats.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

NOTICE.

To the brother and sister Spiritualists who have been blessed with this world's goods, and have a desire to help disseminate the teachings of the angel world, I would call your attention to "Spirit Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World." In the publication of the book, a member of the "Sun Angel Order of Light" advanced the money for its publication. Since then he has met reverses in business that places him in an embarrassed condition, and he appeals to me to assist him to the money invested in the book; this I am unable to do. But to raise the amount, $2,850, I will assign one haf interest in the copyright of the book and the electrotype plates and stock on hand to one person or a committee, who shall have the sale and publication of the book under their management. The electrotype plates are insured for $879 45; books on hand, 1,460; price $2.50 at $2, $2,920; total, $3,799.45. The book will prove a grand success spiritually and financially, in due time.

Several friends have responded to the above notice, and solicit shares in "Spirit Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World." The stock will be divided into 100 shares of $30 each, and a joint stock company formed and certificates of shares issued to subscribers. It is desired to place the shares in the hands of members of the "Sun Angels' Order of Light."

J. B, FAYETTE, Pres.,
"Sun Angels' Order of Light."
OSWEGO, Sept. 1889. se7-tf

Independent Communications.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

About two years ago the following essay on marriage was written in about three minutes by a spirit-cousin of Mrs. A. E. Taylor, of the Taylor House, Santa Cruz, and who bore the earthly name of Col. C. S. Cotter, of Ravenna, O., who was a distant relation of Charles Sumner, for whom he was named. This is one of many messages given in the same manner through the mediumship of this spirit, and of a Mr. John De Frees, a railroad conductor, whose family is now here in Santa Cruz. Pieces of blank paper prepared by spirit-direction, about six inches square, and held in a roll in the hands of Mrs. Taylor, would be snatched from her hand as soon as the light was extinguished, by a large materialized hand, and after floating overhead about the room for a short time, the roll would be handed back, and on striking a light, found to be covered on both sides with from six to ten lines of a very large, plain handwriting, a *fac-simile* of Col. Cotter's chirography, except being rather larger. It appears that Col. Cotter would interview various spirits, who had had striking earthly experiences, and then write them as above indicated, with the intention of having Mrs. Taylor give them to the world in book form. The manuscripts have not all been given yet, as for the last year or more the medium has been absent and wholly engaged in his secular business. It is hoped that his services may be secured for a few more seances this winter so that the whole may be published. Some of these messages are of no ordinary importance, and all are interesting and contain valuable thought. As I am transcribing these messages, I thought the following very brief one might interest the readers of the GOLDEN GATE:

MARRIAGE ON EARTH AND IN SPIRIT LIFE.

"To live a long life unloved and unloving is a fate to be shunned. Bachelors and spinsters are really among the most unenvied individuals that are found in society. As society is on earth, the former are to be pitied less than the latter, but both are to be commiserated when it is understood what they have really lost, speaking after the manner of men, by a life of celibacy. Marriage signifies something more than is generally understood. True marriage signifies a contract of spirit with its affinitized spirit, which shall be binding so long as both shall live, or through an eternal existence. When a spirit meets its affinity, or one of the other sex that is sufficiently affinitized to be its eternal companion, it is not always necessarily apparent to either how close is the adaptation. Individuals on earth, at present, are so made up that many traits are obscured, and it requires time and discipline to bring them out; therefore, the married frequently misunderstand each other until the veil of flesh is thrown off, and in spirit-life they have learned to exhibit their true natures to each other. It is folly, in the present state of human development, to expect that man and wife can so perfectly affinitize that neither can find no imperfections in the other. Is it not, therefore, worse than folly for either hastily to cast off the other, not really *knowing* but that the one cast off may, after all, be the gem that nature intended should bedeck the bosom of the repellant one? Would it not generally be the wisest course for the married to pursue, to bear and forbear, to seek to assimilate themselves each to the other, and round off the angularities of temper, and by kindness and trust, draw nearer to each other, repelling discord as they would a murderer?

"The experience of the unmarried is as troubled as that of the married, when the state of society is low, and usually divorce makes the condition of the naturally discordant no better. It is as well to suffer in the bonds of matrimony as out of them; and especially as nature has decreed that every man and woman shall have one wedded companion, and one only, at some period of their existence before they can reach maturity as spirits.

"It is better to suffer being goaded by a restless spirit, than the greater wrong of being unfaithful to vows, and to the demand of nature which makes it imperative that man and woman shall unite their magnetic forces, as the highest positive and negative elements in nature. The uses of marriage are more than the mere gratification of the sexual nature and the propagation of the race. What its various uses are aside from these cannot here be stated, but it is affirmed that in spirit-life its uses are fully recognized, and marriage of all is promoted as they arrive at an appropriate age, and have accumulated a sufficient experience.

"No hasty marriages are allowed in the spheres, but individuals are required to understand each other before they take upon themselves the sacred bonds of matrimony. Indeed, persons entering the spheres already married, sustain the same relation to each other as in earth-life, although it is sometimes necessary to separate them for a season, till the nature of the one or the other, or of both, is educated to an understanding of the legitimate uses of the marriage relation.

"Celibacy is beneficial only as it qualifies an individual for the proper use of the sexual faculties. Individuals do not change their natures on entering the spirit-world, but continue to possess sexual organs as they do all other organs of the body, which organs are the expression of the propensities of their nature.

"How much most persons entering spirit-life, need educating in regard to the legitimate use of the sexual propensities, is apparent to every observer of the abuses in society at the present day.

"Married people learn as they become better acquainted with each other in spirit-life, whether they are really mismated or not, and discovering the true state of the case, they either continue the relation, or sever it entirely and seek congenial companions. Divorces are not so very common in spirit-life as many have imagined. It is true that men and women who have, perhaps, sported with the affections of several companions, discover to their sorrow that it had been better for them to have borne with one, or to have lived in widowhood, rather than to have depraved their magnetic conditions by sexual relations with a variety of the other sex; by variety we mean more than *one*.

"Society must be educated into a different mode of dealing with these subjects than now prevails, before men and women, the married and the unmarried, can understand their true relations to each other, and the duties devolving upon them when they assume the marriage relation."

Here ends the essay written in from three to four minutes by this spirit, but it was supplemented by another on

"A FAITHLESS WIFE AND A FAITHLESS HUSBAND,"

Which closes with a profound scientific treatise upon nature's laws in marriage, which more fully elaborates the subject.

D. C.

SANTA CRUZ, Oct. 22d, 1889.

ANOTHER WORKER OF MIRACLES—A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

I am curing hundreds of people that are left wrecks by these learned M. D.'s. I might say half of my patients, and I have some 20,000 names on my books. I say one-half of these tell the same story. Some say as many as ten doctors have treated them and not one of these know what ailed them, still they administered a remedy hoping it might hit the case, until the patient was a total wreck. Now, I take these cases and by the aid of clairvoyance, can see the exact condition of the system, and if they are not too badly poisoned by these "hit at the mark" remedies, I can cure them in from one to two months, and they think it nothing less than a miracle when it is simply knowing what to treat for. Now send me four two-cent stamps, age, sex and name, and I will tell you just what ails you, after which, send $2 and I will doctor you one month; if you should happen to need another treatment, I will send it for $1.

Try us, and see one of these miracles performed, or send for my testimonials, which will be sent free. Read this testimonial below, which shows what is being done. Address me, Worcester, Massachusetts.

DR. J. S. LOUCKS.

SHETELRVILLE, Ill., Sept. 6, 1889.

DR. J. S. LOUCKS, WORCESTER, Mass. *Dear Doctor;* My daughter was sick three years with female derangements and other complicated diseases, and we employed during this time six different doctors, the best we could find, and they all gave up her case as hopeless and incurable; but after four months' treatment from you, she (our daughter), is now well and sound. You can know how very grateful we are for the cure of our child when all others had failed. We do recommend you to all.

We are ever yours thankfully,
JOHN ROUTS.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cents. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Meetings for Conference and Tests are held Sunday at 2 P. M.

CIRCLE OF HARMONY—MEETS EVERY SUNday at 11 A. M. in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street. Mediums and speakers especially invited. All welcome to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan presiding.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYceum meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIAtion of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Cora A. Syme.

BY SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

In your last number Cora A. Syme, from Brooklyn, occupies a space, and has entered her name in the GOLDEN GATE introducing something new for humanity to ponder over. Myself and many other friends, have long admired Cora's talents and knowledge of the spiritual, and rejoice to find her gifts outcoming to view, before an appreciative world. Some time, of late years, she has secluded herself, living a recluse from all society, to commune with the saints above, gaining wisdom, knowledge and power, which, it seems now she is willing to share with others on this mundane sphere of action; so let us help it on.

History speaks of the child Jesus; as he grew up, would seclude himself from society, out fasting on the mountain to gain power. So it has been a long time the desire of Cora to spend years communing with ministering spirits, a bond formed to bring forth some lost histories of mankind. Experiences were granted me through her band, back this 28 years; myself seated one side of a table, with paper and pen in hand, to record what would come forth, while Cora with closed eyes, and her right hand resting upon the opposite side of this table; with bowed head, stood there giving forth sentence after sentence, one hour each day, and I, as amamensis, covered many a sheet, as it was handed down through her lips, in distinct problems, of the creation, evolution and progress of the human family, a volume of history of the dark ages, beyond anything that had to my ken ever been elucidated previous to this date, and it should go to print. It was here at these seances that I first learned of "magnetised paper," where several sheets of foolscap paper were placed under my hand, when one was filled out on one side, upon its removal, in attempting to raise it above the others, it had become so magnetic, that some two or three other sheets would cling to the upper one, and remain attached, and would all hang together above the floor, my only holding one. I concluded it must have proceeded from the great spirit battery formed by the circle.

And, now, as I understand the letter, the world of Spiritualists are ready to join hands—for our benefit—should days be set apart at stated seasons of the year, by good temperance people of America, to regularly observe, and ask all nations and peoples if they will join in to commemorate, with honor and solemnity, these four seasons, as is plainly set forth in the last GOLDEN GATE.

It certainly is highly commendable, and I must confess that I know of no one, living or dead, of her sex, that has arrived to the superior condition which Mrs. Syme now holds, on earth and in the spheres. And please allow me to present the name of Cora L. V. Richmond; most every one attached to this spiritual era now knows of her powers, and the intelligence ever instructing mankind during her years from childhood. Such a list of knowledge has never been given, and preserved, from any one fountain, since the creation of this world, as has been dealt out, day after day, and year after year, by her controls, before large and intelligent audiences, and were all collected in books, it would exceed even fifty volumes the size of our common bible; and, if ever, it must be said that her remarks or ready answers to questions, have been challenged or disputed, as given upon many, very many, different subjects pertaining to heaven and earth, I do feel that men and women of extra means could make no better use of some of it than to join in and assist these heavenly workers to bring forward their manuscripts, all prepared in book form, and show to the living world what has come forth and been given through the more intuitive and gentler sex. Respectfully submitted.

TWO SINGULAR INCIDENTS occurred in Detroit of late in connection with the birth and demise of a child of a Polish woman by the name of Susan Molafsky which will serve to strengthen the faith of those who believe in signs as premonitory of coming events. Mrs. Molafsky informed her neighbors that a short time before the birth of the child whose demise she was then bitterly mourning, she dreamed she and some friends were looking at the sky, when she saw a white object in the air fly around and gradually descend until she saw it was a white dove. It made its graceful rounds shorter and shorter, until it fluttered to her face and lit upon her shoulder. In a few days her child was born. About a week ago Mrs. Molafsky had another remarkable dream, but this time the snowy-white dove took its departure from her shoulder, and, fluttering around and around, ascended higher and higher until lost to sight. She thought nothing more of the occurrence until the death of the child recalled the two dreams. —*Banner of Light.*

A man who endeavors to teach another how to behave may possibly teach a virtue, but if he fails to act up to his own teachings, the man who would depend upon such uncertainty would do better to depend upon his own ideas.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Some Well Attested Facts.

[Santa Cruz Sentinel, Oct., 16th.]

Last Sunday evening Dr. Dean Clarke gave account of several remarkable phenomena occurring in his personal experiences and within his personal knowledge, and one having occurred last week at Bonny Doon, the reporter deems of sufficient local interest to detail as the speaker narrated it. Having the week previous visited the family of H. C. Hazen, where he witnessed considerable striking physical phenomena, such as frequent ringing of a tea-bell carried around over the heads of all seated in a circle around a small table, and frequent hand-shaking with materialized hands, which would pat the hands and stroke the faces of several members of the circle simultaneously; and having received a very characteristic letter, written underneath the cover of a box placed on the table over several sheets of paper in a *fac-simile* of the chirography of an old friend who passed on several years ago from Boston, the speaker again visited the family, prepared to test the phenomena more crucially.

He obtained two slates in Santa Cruz, hinged together so as to open like a book, inclosed six sheets of clean commercial note paper, together with a small scrap on which he had written six questions, and putting in three purple pencil points, about the size of a grain of rice. He then screwed the slate frames together with a three-fourths inch screw at each end, the slots of which he turned so as to be in line with secret marks on the frames, and also put two small bits of colored paper between the frames, which would drop out unnoticed by any opener but himself. He then wrapped a newspaper around the slates in a peculiar way, tying it in such a way as to know if any one should meddle with this covering. He emphatically asserted that he would make oath to the fact that no person but himself undid this package while it was in the house of Mr. Hazen.

Last Friday evening a circle was formed around the table as usual, consisting of the seven members of the Hazen family, Mr. Dunlap, of Santa Cruz, and the speaker, who brought in his slates, laid them on the table, placing both of his hands upon them and holding them there during the entire seance. As soon as the circle was formed and seated, the lamp was extinguished, and instantly the little tea-bell performed its usual gyrations, a large, warm hand pressed the speaker's hands firmly upon the slates, and as soon as a hymn was sung a signal of loud raps called for the light, which being obtained, the speaker took a screw driver and opened the slates, when to the astonishment of all a fresh pink was discovered lying near the end of the slates opposite the speaker, and between them with the paper, two sheets of which were entirely covered with writing. Two of the pencil points were entirely gone, a mere bit of the third only remaining. One of the sheets was covered with a cordial and very characteristic letter from Edward S. Wheeler, an old friend and co-lecturer formerly of Massachusetts. It was written backhanded (his customary style) and was his hand-writing in every respect. He had answered every one of the inclosed questions, except one addressed to the speaker's parents, and spoke of other matters in his old, familiar way, signing his name as usual, Ed. S. Wheeler.

The other sheet was covered on three sides, with a message from the speaker's mother, whose diction, method of address, and matters alluded to, render its genuineness unquestionable in his opinion. In fact, he said he was never more certain of receiving a letter from her in her mortal life. On the fourth page of this sheet, near the top, were found the signatures: R. W. Emerson, Robert Burns, Chas. H. Foster, in the order written above.

Comparison with the signature of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the distinguished philosopher of Concord, Mass., reveals the exact identity of this writing. So also with that of Robert Burns, as seen in his complete poems; while that of Chas. H. Foster, the speaker could swear to from personal acquaintance, as he knew him many years as one of the most remarkable test mediums this dispensation has produced. His fame as such was world-wide. Dr. Clarke related one of the tests he gave in San Francisco several years ago to Charles DeLong, U. S. Consul to Japan, during Lincoln's administration, by which Mr. DeLong came into the possession of eighteen thousand dollars belonging to his father-in-law's estate, of which neither Mr. DeLong nor his wife had any previous knowledge.

Dr. Chamberlain, of this city, arose and confirmed this statement of Dr. Clarke from his own personal knowledge of the facts.

The speaker said that such facts as these, obtained right here, and now, under such conditions as to preclude the possibility of fraud, are of transcendent importance to prove the conscious existence of our dear, departed friends, and their loving ministrations to those still abiding in this "vale of tears." No sane person could read the tender and loving message from his angel mother, thus wonderfully given, and pronounce it either a fraud, or, sacrilegiously, "the work of the devil." He could truly say with Prof. A. R. Wallace, F. R. S., "Such facts are as well proven as the facts of any other science." The unbeliever and scoffer are to be pitied for their ignorance of the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century!

Will Some One Explain?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Has there any sect (except those who believe the Christ as God) explained the meaning as they saw it, of this chapter in the Book believed by many to be the first record: "Verily, verily I say unto you, you must be born again to enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Will some one of our wise heads in the Spiritualist ranks step forward and explain? I would ask how many re-embodiments or births, it will take to reach the "Kingdom of Heaven." The soul must be pure, must be a spark of the Divine; we as Deific babes must be born many times to gain even the desire to reach the Kingdom of Heaven; without that desire we must remain forever as babes. To fully realize the Kingdom of Heaven, the soul must experience change and chastening, or what is termed sorrows to the incarnated spirit. I would ask again is it possible for anything, or thought to seem so? Can a thought present itself that is not tangible? Can anything be imagined? Somewhere in God's great universe it exists; what is thought but experience, and an experience of expression. The spirits who materialize for the Order of the "Sun Light," are Spirits who claim to have passed through all the incarnations necessary to gain the Kingdom of Heaven. And one permitted to see them, to be touched by their garments, would certainly conclude so, for they surely bring the influence of that *blessed abode*. The familiar spirit known as "Panzy" is ever near her loved and blessed medium Mrs. Annie Daniels, and can make her sweet voice be heard in any part of the dwelling at any time of day or night. I, as one of this "Sacred Order," feel blessed beyond any I have gained in this embodiment, being at the "Center." I had the pleasure of taking Mr. J. B. Fayette, known as Eon in the Order, by the hand yesterday. I find him a gentleman of superior intelligence, a scholar; one can but feel that they are in the presence of an advanced soul. He realizes (he told me) as time goes in this life, that he was nearing the sunset, he being over 70 years. I am enjoying "a feast of fat things." I can now see the meaning of Occult Science as taught by our blessed and noble sister Emma Hardinge Brittan. I have sat in two light seances, and two dark, since I came under this glorious roof. In the dark circles, spirits join in song, speak in natural voice, encouraging souls in this valley of incarnation to be brave and hold their banners aloft. Kind and loving messages are sent (by me) to sisters and brothers (of this Order) on the "Golden Shores." I was called by a bright Oriental Spirit, "The child from the Golden Land." There is certainly a field for thought and investigation. I will not "watch and wait," but will watch and advance with the peerless ones who are marching on in spite of stones and sticks thrown in our paths by those who "know it all," and are not willing to see the glorious light on the hill top of peace.

As ever in the Faith,

ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Mexico, New York, Oct., 12th, 1889.

THE MIND.—In the mind that is properly cultivated, we shall discover no symtom of vice or low-mindedness; nothing unsound under a specious display. Such a man can never be regarded as not having completed his moral character; for nothing remains about him of servility, nor of ostentation; nothing embarrassed, nothing selfish; nothing but what discloses an independent mind, and a freedom from everything artful and disingenuous. He has thrown off the shackles of vulgar opinion, nor is he subservient to the craft of deluding others; truth he knows to exist in the necessary system of the universe, and not in the supernatural schemes established, for the time being, throughout the sectarian divisons of the globe: and this knowledge he hesitates not to impart to his fellow men.—*Antoninus*

PUBLICATIONS.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Dominie's Ghost.

BY ALONZO.

Among the many eccentricities of the schoolmaster of our grandfather's days, was the queer mixture of conceit and fear about his own infallibility. The dogma of infallibility seemed to be a part of the existence of the old-style dominie, his chief honor and his greatest source of dread. For any upstart scholar to bring him a problem he could not solve or ask him a question he could not answer, was high treason, and possibly war to the death, which could only be settled by the removal of the scholar or the teacher.

The absurd infatuation that seemed to seize on some of these old teachers, that it was fatal to their extstence or their position in society if any one should find out there was anything they did not know, or that they could possibly be misinformed on, made their own lives miserable and made everyone else so, who had to suffer their intolerance and abnormal egotism.

Some of the old cranks used to try to keep their pupils from learning from fear they might come out ahead of the teachers. But Young America learned its lessons and the world moved on in spite of them.

But though the septre of the dominie has passed into the hands of the more perceptive schoolmarm, his spirit has by no means departed from the earth, but has descended with re-inforcements wherever it can find lodgment to obstruct the progress of humanity. And it finds lodgment in all forms and rituals, and in the minds of old staybacks who are desperately afraid that progress of thought and freedom of discussion will lead the country to destruction.

There is a class of people who seem to believe that the safety of the world is bound up with their unquestioned possession of power and privilege, and with fear and terror they cling to this delusion, and frantically try to suppress the rising shoots of intelligence springing up in the minds of a truthseeking people. The crime of being young is one that no native American will ever attempt to palliate nor deny, and youth and vitality and intelligence bring with them the privilege to inquire, to ask questions. No matter if the answering of these questions should bring down a shower of ancient moss which has been accumulating through many generations.

That the old should hate their offspring is one of the puzzles of life, yet it often happens that they are afraid to trust their own children because they have entailed on them the curse of a parent's dishonesty. Humanity is a unity, its generations are the links in its body, and the parents live in the lives of the children. Hereditary crime and selfishness must be outgrown in the growth of the race. That humanity should progress to better and more righteous social conditions, that crime and ignorance and slavery should be banished from the earth, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But that people should be found so much in love with their own infallibility that they oppose with frantic madness, or suppress with ill-disguised suspicion any and every attempt to inquire into the real causes of poverty and disease and crime, is only to be accounted for on the theory of obsessing demons, that the ghosts of a fear-darkened past still control their minds. The tact and judgment, that knows how to take advantage of the situation and gracefully advance to an inevitable blessing is surely better than the stubborn ignorance that dies in the ditch sooner than move ahead and share in the general rejoicing. Greed and selfishness are always hedged around by the black darkness of fear and superstition, and out of the darkness *the evil they fear will surely come upon them* unless they move out into the light of humanity and fraternity.

Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, unless the crown is woven of the happiness and contentment and righteousness of the people. Uneasy grunts the hog who has no nobler thought than his own greed, and has lived for no nobler end than to make himself the prize animal at some vulgar show where such animality is on exhibition.

Saved by a Note.

"I was on the night run," said the engineer, "and my train was about thirty minutes late. I said to my fireman: 'Keep her hot; I mean to go to meeting point on time.' During the next fifteen minutes I was not long in passing the mile posts, for my engine flew along at the rate of fifty miles an hour down a long grade as straight as an arrow. Suddenly something struck me in the face, making a slight wound. I slowed down. 'What's that near the furnace door?' I asked the fireman, pointing to a little bit of white paper lying just to my left. The fireman stooped, picked up the paper, and handed it to me. In the dim light of the steam guage I read, 'Look out at the river bridge; there's a tie on the track.' Sure enough, just at the entrance to the bridge I found a tie securely fastened across the track. Who put it there? I don't know; but I do know that if the author of that message will make himself known to me he may ask me any favor he pleases with the assurance that it will be granted. Where is the piece of paper? My wife Molly has it in a gilt frame hanging over the parlor mantelpiece. Whenever I am out on my run she stands before it and breathes a prayer for my safety. That piece of paper is my mascot."—*Brunswick Times.*

Wonderful Luck.

The paymaster of a railroad company, having its headquarters in Boston, went out on one occasion with $30,000 to pay off its employes. The money was carried under his arm, wrapped up in an old newspaper. He stopped at a little wayside eating-house for dinner, and on going away, in a fit of absent-mindedness, left the money lying on a chair. He had not gone many miles from the place before he missed it, and his dismay on discovering its loss can well be imagined. Almost despairing of recovering a package lost in so public a place, he hurried back, and with trembling voice, asked the woman in charge if she had seen the parcel. "There's a bit of paper on the chair beyant," said she; "perhaps that's it," which it proved to be, and the gentleman returned a happier and a wiser man.

A man in the same city lost a roll of bills amounting to $10,000, which also was wrapped in a newspaper. He told a friend of his loss, and the friend made him describe all the ground he had been over since he had the money. The last place mentioned was the postoffice. The night was wet overhead and slushy under foot. They visited the postoffice, and going to the spot where the man had been standing they found two or three bits of torn newspaper. It was the same. They looked further, and at last found the lost treasure. It had been kicked in turn by everyone who came into the office, and when found was untied and completely soaked with water. It was all there, however, and the friends returned to their hotel and spent several hours in cleaning and drying it. The gentleman was so grateful for the sensible advice which had saved him from serious loss that he took out his friend and bought him the handsomest gold watch-chain that he could find in the city.

A still more remarkable incident is related of the finding of $130,000, lost by M. Pages in the Northern Railway Station in Paris some ten years ago. As one Ezelot, a French soldier, was walking with two comrades through the station, they noticed on the floor a small package wrapped in a newspaper. They kicked it along before them for some distance, and when Ezelot was getting into the train, going home on a short leave, one of his comrades, picking up the package, thrust it into the canvas forage bag slung at his side, Ezelot going on his way without having perceived the little pleasantry. Arriving at Neuilly, where his parents lived, Ezelot's mother, emptying the forage bag, discovered the bundle, but, thinking it a roll of old newspapers, put it on a table in the kitchen. There it remained for four or five days, till a married sister, calling in and seeing the package, was moved by an unwonted curiosity. Opening it she discovered documents representing ₣26,000, the loss of which M. Pages had advertised throughout Europe. The soldier and his parents, however, had not seen the advertisement, and not knowing what else to do, had recourse to the maire. That functuary, communicating with Paris, speedily brought down M. Pages, who, gladly paying the promised reward of ₣1,000, went off with his oddly recovered treasure. It would be an interesting supplement to the narrative if we could have a record of the feelings of the soldier who thrust this unexpected good fortune upon Ezelot when he heard the sequel of his little joke.

Endorsement of Mrs. Moore.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last evening myself and wife attended a seance given by Mrs. Jennie Moore, materializing medium, under the strictest test conditions. I am glad to say we were more than pleased, having had four spirit friends materialized and conversed with us, each one being very good indeed, and calling us by our Christian names. The medium and sitters were all strangers to us. There were eight sitters, each of whom had tests from their relatives. There was a moderate light in the room.

We consider Mrs. Moore second only to Mrs. Daniels, of Mexico, New York, medium to the Sun Angels Order of Light, that we have seen.

Yours, Fraternally,
S. A. AND M. A. MORRIS,
Of Melbourne, Australia.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 17, 1889.

A CELEBRATED DIVINE, who was remarkable in the first period of the ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observed it, and inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered: "When I was young I thought it was thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.—*Richter.*

Still Another.

[Banner of Light]

A pulpit discourse was uttered on Sunday, Sept. 23d, by Rev. Mr. Blackburn, of Lowell, on "The Doctrine of Spirits," which naturally invites the attention of those who believe in spirit-communion. His test included the familiar scriptural injunction to "try the spirits." He said with perfect truth that spiritual existence is older than material existence, since there can be nothing material without thought back of it. Admitting spiritual existences, he asked what is our relation to them. First, he answered, it is that of unbroken interest, inasmuch as death does not break the spiritual ties that exist between heart and heart. Second, these spirit-beings are interested in the affairs of the world, which the discourser styled God's kingdom, as if it were at all necessary to assert that God's kingdom is everywhere.

He thought it not at all impossible for spirits to return and commune with us, and he further knew that it had been done. He then proceeded to enumerate such returns from the pages of Old and New Testaments. But he protested none of these spirits came "in the darkness of the seance." The appearance of the well-known spirits in the presence of Jesus he pronounced "so unique as to establish no precedent for the return of spirits to us." This is simply the assertion of Mr. Blackburn—nothing more. As mere testimony, if it were otherwise of any value, it would be of none from the fact of his being a thoroughly interested witness. Beyond these instances named in the Bible, of the return of departed spirits, he said that he had no evidence whatever that there is existence beyond the grave.

Then comes up the question, how do we account for what are called "spiritual manifestations"? Mr. Blackburn wanted to "deal kindly," but he thought there were a few things that ought to be said. He considered that the character of the manifestations discredited them: They occur either in a dim light or in darkness, and under other conditions that prevent fair investigation; many of them can be accounted for on scientific grounds, and more will be; no great truth or discovery has come to the world through them; they have not led to a lofty morality; the works of the best of the leaders "read like a jumble of incoherent words;" and the slate-writings are unworthy of being put in type, and much of them "are absolutely immoral." True Spiritualists will at once be able to take the foregoing for all it is worth. They can readily see the ignorance, the prejudice and the hostility that are displayed in these utterances.

He admitted, or rather had no doubt, that "demons can do and perform the acts of the circle and the dark room." He knew that they took possession of men in past times, and that they do now. He averred that there is no revelation of the dark room which may not "logically be attributed to the devil of the day of Christ." Now for your convincing logic, Mr. Blackburn. While he does not deny the fact of what he persistently and purposely calls "Spiritism," he does deny that "the spirits of the dark rooms are the spirits of departed men or of God's hosts."

The "God's hosts" expression is one of the several shibboleths of ministers everywhere. They know no more what these empty phrases signify than we do, and in fact know nothing at all about it.

"Show me"—exclaimed Mr. Blackburn—"one single utterance of a returned spirit worthy a redeemed soul, and we will investigate." What he means by a "redeemed soul" is, of course, nothing more or less than a spirit that will come and talk up a church creed, and that, as we all know, no emancipated spirit was ever known to do.

A correspondent in Lowell, Mr. Edward S. Varney, upon the delivery of this discourse by Mr. Blackburn, addressed a criticism of his views to the public through the columns of one of the papers of that city. He replied to the latter's assertion that the Bible gave no hint of spirit-return in the future, that neither is there any hint in it of the wonderful inventions of the steamboat, the locomotive, the telegraph, or the telephone, which have so revolutionized the methods of civilization. He thought it would be more rational to admit, as another Lowell minister felt compelled to, that "God's word is not confined wholly within the Bible." As for the "silly speeches and drivelling rhymes" which Mr. Blackburn alleged to be the characteristic of spirit-communications, Mr. Varney readily admits that chaff is mixed with the wheat of truth, and that such is the rule, in a measure, in every cause, Christianity included.

But he rightly insists that justice demands that every cause be judged *by its virtues*, not by its defects. If it be true, as it is, that an undeviating law of nature demands darkness during the germinal growth of the seed, or in the arranging of chemical combinations, why is it not equally necessary that many spirit manifestations should occur in partial or total darkness? But a great many more of the phenomena occur entirely in the light, among the chief of which is trance mediumship, which has convinced thousands upon thousands of the reality of spirit communion by evidence which none refute. Over against Mr. Blackburn he puts Prof. William Crookes of England, a man of science who is at least as much entitled to speak for science as Mr. Blackburn is for theology, or the creeds. Mr. Crookes says, on his side, that science has utterly failed to successfully refute the spiritualistic hypothesis of mediumistic phenomena. By facts incontrovertible, urges Mr. Varney, Spiritualism has earned the right to answer affirmatively the question of the ages: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

THERE is a clergyman in Tennessee who makes the denunciation of dancing a specialty. In a recent sermon he said: "Show me a young man who dances and I will show you a young man who is not worth the powder and lead to kill him." Whereupon the *Alta* inquires: "What has Rev. Williams to say about a young man by the name of David, who led the german in the streets of Jerusalem and was jawed by his wife for it?"—*Freethought.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The True Freeman.

BY ELIZA LAMB MARTYN.

Put your self, your strength, your sp rit, put your will in all you do,
Effo ts may be misdirected, yet 'tis Go l that's pushing through:
Blind we are, and our best movements are but flounderings without aims,
Yet the flounderings wear the fetters and break folly's galling chains.

Put your soul in all your doings, put yourself in all you say,
If mistaken the reactive force will teach the better way;
Stronger grown by each experience e'en defeat will work no ill,
But repose, and idle waiting, and indifference surely will

If you seek for truth you'll find it, honest searchers never fail;
The conquering potency within you never strives without avail,
Both within you and behind you pushing upward evermore,
While that which you wish to conquer is without you and before.

It is God that's pushing upward, though you blunder sti'l it's Him,
Your wild spirit is His spirit, 'tis His will that works within;
Your intelligence expresses in degree that's large or small
According to your unfoldment, the intelligence of all.

Be a brave and fearless being and make freedom's law your own;
What you think is right go do it, leaving consequence alone.
Conscious of a truth yet fearing to proclaim it, makes a slave;
Shrinking from the right in action makes a coward and a knave.

Truth is knowledge of the spirit, and the grand and perfect law
That controls both mind and matter without blunder, without flaw;
Truth is wisdom, wisdom's mighty, for it is the god within
Conquering all adverse conditions that attempt to master him.

He who dares to clamber over his own life's supreme mistake,
Bear the world's cold criticism—called a fool for freedom's sake,
Eulogies for him are worthless, LEADER in the world's new thought,
Made so by sheer force of fitness, heaven endowed and angel taught.

He who dares to take Truth's banner and unfurl it on the height,
Give his talent, time and money, for the cause he thinks is right,
He alone is a true freeman, though to him men's scorn is hurled;
Noble hero, grandly toiling, for the glory of the world!

BOSTON, MASS., Oct., 1889.

A Strike in the "Empty Pocket."

Pwist! here, Rover; we must be going.
Sundown, and nothing to eat all day;
Ten miles back to the camp, and blowing;
But what's the odds when we've "struck the pay?"

Glory! old boy, it's hard to quit it,
Even to leave it for over night
Clinch it, porphyry, where we hit it,
With hard, black fingers, stingy and tight.

That little seam that means salvation—
Hope for me and a home for Sue—
Four lonely years of half starvation
Butt their heads into that streak of blue.

Ugh! how the cold snow-flour is sifting!
Curse on the wind that it comes just now!
Only my tracks for trail, and drifting;
And fourteen inches is tough to plow.

Hard work? That's what it is, old Rover,
That mile was swelled to four times its size,
Trail plum gone, and the daylight over,
And wind that cuts like steel in the eyes.

Whining, Rover? But that won't mend it,
Come, we must take it like men, you know,
One stop here in the cold would end it;
Our only safety is on the go.

Think who's praying in old Pequawket,
To-morrow the wires will tell her "Come!
Struck it rich in the Empty Pocket!"
See her laughing and crying? Well, some!

What? You won't move? Then on my shoulder
I'll have to pack you, you rascal, you!
Nn-h! you're a load! I'm getting colder;
There's a ton of lead in either shoe.

Down! O, God! But we've got to make it!
Ah-h! How this pinion keeps off the storm!
Drowsy—drowsy—I can not shake it—
And this is so soft and so warm!

What should life and its cares be won for?
Sleep, the Forgetter, is kindliest.
Come, old dog, we are done for!
Here—we—will—rest.

—CHARLES F. LUMMIS, in "Harper's Weekly."

Be Strong.

Be strong, O suff'ring soul! and struggle on;
Thy life is not thy own;
Its sorrows and its pains must all be borne—
Not for thyself alone.

So many lives doth in thy own life live
That thou must watch and see
That all thou to that other life doth give
Is all that it should be.

Not enough is it that thou hatest wrong;
Thou must love well the good.
Not enough to feel pity for the throng;
Thou must to each give food.

It is not for thyself that thou art here;
Not for thyself wast born.
The rose thou canst not have, but only bear
In silence the sharp thorn.

There is some pleasure in this weary strife
To know that thou art right,
To feel that all that thou hast done in life
Was done by thy own might.

Thus, soul, live on until thy life is o'er—
Until thy strength doth bend—
Receiving not, but giving more and more
Until thou win—the end.

—MARK CARDAN.

Bird of the Broken Wing.

Bird of the broken wing,
Hurt beyond skill to bind,
How hast thou heart to sing
When heaven is thus unkind?

Wo for my ruined flight!
Joy for my heart of song!
I sing for the song's delight—
And heaven hath done no wrong!

—IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM, in the "Independent."

"A Colonial Boy, or the Treasures of an Old Link Closet."

[Review by Henry M. Clement.]

A book by Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, of San Francisco, is a valuable contribution to the youthful literature of this Centennial year. It combines the interest of romance with the verity of history; and is thus at once interesting and instructive. The story is founded on the incident of a boy (Guy Archer) visiting his schoolmate in Frederick, Maryland. He learns that his friend is absent, but he finds his gay and light-hearted old grandfather, Ralph Eden, and his still more interesting great-grandmother, Madam Talbot, glad to welcome their grandson's chum to the old ancestral dwelling of four generations, where Guy, at the first glance, sees hanging on the walls paintings of George Washington, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore. They prevail upon Guy to remain, notwithstanding his friend's absence in Virginia two hundred miles away, and soon proceed to entertain him by introducing him into the mysteries of the Old Link Closet, which Ralph Eden and Madam Talbot cherish with the patriotic ardor of the old revolutionary days, for it contains rare mementos of the early colonial times and priceless manuscripts of hitherto unpublished history, which Mrs. Eyster, with exceeding tact, has utilized and woven into her charming story.

Among the treasures of the Old Link Closet is the diary of Lionel Wintour, written for his grandmother, Lady Ann Wintour, of Dunstead Abbey, England, in 1633. Lionel Wintour was a Colonial boy, whose diary contains a veritable account of the history of the departure from England of the two ships, the Ark and the Dove, which, after five months of hardship and peril, sailed safely into Chesapeake Bay and landed at the little Island of St. Clements. The crew included the Calverts, the Wintours, the Canfields, the Fairfaxes, the Greens and two Catholic Fathers, Fathers White and Altham, all under the guidance of Captain Fleet, who had previously visited the Plymouth and Dutch Colonies on the North, and the Virginia Colony on the South, and was acquainted with the Indian languages. These two little ships brought to America the founders of the Maryland Colony. Lionel Wintour, in his diary, quaintly describes their first landing on the little island:

"Early yesterday morning, we came close up to a group of islands. Governor Calvert looked on a paper which the king gave him and said the islands belonged to our land. He read it aloud, and the people clapped their hands and shouted as if they had gone crazy. 'Let us land and kiss the earth of our future home.' * * * As soon as we landed, everybody wanted to scatter right and left, but Father White and Father Altham kept us together. First we had mass, and as Father White sprinkled the holy water on the ground, the Governor said some words which I could not hear, for I had climbed a tree, but they sounded solemn and grand, and then the country which our Colony is to live in was baptised Maryland. Miss Margaret said that she was glad that the Virginia Colony and ours were both named after woman; but I don't think it makes any difference. After mass we marched in procession to the highest point we could see on the island. After the two fathers came Governor Calvert and Mr. Cornwallis; then came papa and Mr. Fairfax; then Sir Richard Gerard and Sir George Calvert and so on. They carried across their shoulders a large cross, which the ship carpenters had cut from two young trees and nailed together. This they planted on the centre of a hill. While the Litany of the Holy Cross was chanted every one of us knelt and asked God to bless and prosper our new home. We cannot stay here. The island is too small. To-morrow Governor Calvert, Father Altham, papa and a lot more gentlemen are going to sail up the river Patawomack (Patomac) in the Dove to hunt for the Indian King's town. Captain Fleet goes along to show them the way and to talk with the Indians. I wish I could go too. I am not afraid of anything now. The men who stay behind are going to build a fort. I wonder what for. There is nobody about us. Maryland is empty."

The diary presents a beautiful picture of a veritable Arcadia. The vivid portrayal of the daily life of these first settlers in a vast unknown country, with its luxurious profusion of wild flowers, fruits and vines, its dark unbroken forests extending to seemingly boundless distances in all directions (which these Londoners could scarcely think of except as a great park), is full of romantic interest. Their new surroundings gave them such a suggestion of wealth and plenty, they soon learned to love and cherish the wild new America as their HOME, and to think with pity of the poor over-crowded multitudes who still remained in the great City they had left behind; their novel, strange and romantic experiences with the Indians, who gathered around them, first, with wonder and awe, and finally with love and friendship, which remained long unbroken, constitutes a picture at once full of interest and healthful inspiration for the youthful reader of this busy, bustling age of 256 years later.

Mrs. Eyster has woven an ingenious and inspiring romance around the Old Link Closet, with its Colonial mementos and its treasures of hidden manuscript, which is a decided and marked improvement upon the weak and puerile love stories which pass for youthful literature in our overstocked libraries of boys' and girls' books.

The book is published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, contains 294 pages, and is, in every sense except its illustrations, attractive. Too much praise cannot be accorded to the book for its bright, sparkling style of composition, its earnestness of purpose, its high moral tone, which is free from cant, and its noble and patriotic sentiments.

Judged by the originality and historical importance of its matter, and the interest which it will have for the old as well as for the young, the "Colonial Boy" is a book which will be favored with many editions. It should be read by every American Boy.

From an Old Spiritualist.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Sometimes I feel like turning over a new leaf (as the saying is) in my course of procedure. I have been disposed to be Liberal in the extreme, "Charitable to all and with malice to none," nor would I now be aught than that, yet I feel that the time has fully come when Spiritualists should define themselves and come out fully for Spiritualism. There is nothing gained in catering to or with Materialism, and a thousand and one other isms. The clearest idea I ever received in proof of a future life came from spirits who plainly declared or enunciated who they were, what name they bore in earth life and whose relations they were and the object they had in communicating with us; they gave us as clear conceptions as it was possible for them to do of spirit life and "our homes over there," until we could almost see the "promised land." But later on there comes divers teachers of strange doctrines and theories, reincarnationists and what nots, until they have mystified the life to come until some have fallen into gross errors and are nearly lost in the fog of uncertainty. Then on the other hand come fraudulent mediums and deceivers, leading men and women into pitfalls and quagmires, deceiving many and fooling some, and doing more to injure the cause than a little. Then I say it seems to me to be high time for genuine Spiritualists to take a stand for the true doctrine of spirit return, rejecting the multiplied isms and doctrines of devils. Until this is done and we have some well defined boundaries, so that we can say thus far and no further can you tresspass on our grounds,—we shall be blown about by every wind of doctrine that presents itself for our investigation. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OREGON, October 20, 1889.

Strong Endorsement for Fred Evans.

The following testimonial from Thos. W. Stanford, of Melbourne, Australia, (brother of our Senator Stanford), is a strong card for Ered Evans, our independent slate-writer.

MR. FRED EVANS—*Dear Sir:* As you are about to depart from our shores and return to the land from whence I, too, came, I have thought a few lines from me might be of service to you, as well as a pleasing memento of my personal friendship and appreciation of your straight forward conduct in this city.

I have much pleasure in stating, and with much emphasis, to whom it may concern, (and you are at liberty to use this letter as you please) that I have had several professional "sittings" with you, and that without my asking for special test conditions you have given me the best possible proof of writing within closed slates without physical contact with yourself.

I would advise those who take an interest in occult force, either in connection with, or apart altogether from Spiritualism to have one or more "sittings" with you to note the result carefully and then put their wits to work to solve the mystery (?)

Trusting yourself and Mrs. Evans may have a pleasant voyage home and retain pleasant memories of your visit to Australia. I remain sincerely yours,

THOS. W. STANFORD.

MELBOURNE, MAY 11, 1889.

Every minute of the day seventy human beings are brought into existence and sixty-seven are removed, says a writer. The population of the world is steadily increasing at the rate of three per minute, of 4,320 per day, more than 1,500,000 per year. Just think of the yearly increase of man being equal to the entire population of the State of Iowa. Where do they all go? The home of the human race, so far as we are able to learn, was in Asia, and from there all the nations have come. The rapid increase of population in the United States shows the tendency of the race to scatter and seek new fields.

The Legislature of Illinois has passed a law making the intermarriage of cousins a penal offense. This is an unwise law, first because it interferes unduly with personal rights, and next because it is uncalled for. The marriage of cousins who are of healthy family and physique, and especially if they are of different temperaments, is quite free from danger.—*Medical Record.*

Much as friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves; and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

Mrs. Stanton's Opinion.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in an Article in The Woman's tribune some time ago, had the following regarding the position of the dominant parties toward women:

"Women have nothing to hope of the two old parties, now rent with factions in a struggle simply to preserve their lives. They are alike in the process of disintegration. As the Republication party rose from the ashes of the Whigs and Barnburners, as the radical branch of the Democrats was then called, combining the best elements of both, so the party of the future, ready for another onward step in civilization, is now in the process of organization. Just as the third party in 1848, bent on the abolition of slavery, held the balance of power, and aroused the indignation of the people against that system, so the Prohibition party, with its vital issues of equal suffrage, equal wages and temperance, and land free for real settlers, will hold the balance of power in the coming presidential election, and in combination with other reform movements, now looming on the political horizon, organize the new Republican party for the next generation.

"No woman with one grain of self-respect can longer kneel at the feet of the Republican party. We have patiently waited for national action at their hands for twenty years, but they have simply played with our petitions and arguments, as a cat does with a mouse, and as yet given us neither liberty nor death."

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to instruct, even our friends.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, —— dollars."